

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

MR. CARLYLE'S LAST CHAPTER IN THE BOOK OF KINGS.*

SOME months have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle brought to a close the volumes before us, that which he calls, in taking his farewell of his readers, "a bit of work appointed to be done,"—that bit of work being something better, save the mark! than four thousand pages of the most exemplary, diligent, and painfully painstaking writing devoted to the apotheosis of him whom Mr. Carlyle designates, and wishes us to regard, as "the last of the kings." Of the everything about his subject which Mr. Carlyle seems to know; of the self-exacting discipline, hard work, and patience manifested in these volumes; of the determination to accept, if possible, nothing on hearsay; of the tracking all stories and anecdotes along their winding streams to their fountain head; of the persistent travelling to every distant and out-of-the-way nook of Saxon or Silesian villagery, which once received a passing gleam of notability from its connection with the story of Frederick,—by all these characteristics, most thoroughly deserving that epithet, applied of old by our Puritan forefathers to their pastors, preachers, and writers, of *painful*—of all this, once for all, it is impossible to speak too highly. To praise Mr. Carlyle's more distinct mental gifts—he would not thank us for coupling them with graces—would be impertinent. But the fortunes of his pen, like those of his great predecessor, Wordsworth, are very wonderful: in both instances the Balaks and the Balaams who came forth a quarter of a century since to curse, have survived to bless. In 1840, the *Quarterly Review* poured its pity over the "wild wanderings of a mind naturally strong and good," "but only a sophist in disguise." The close of the work on Frederick finds the same review, in a tone of

* *History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle, Vols. V. & VI. Chapman & Hall.

exceeding reverence, paying homage to him it designates "the great master," "the profound master of paradoxes," "who, while yet at work amongst us, has become a classic," "whose fame is established and for whom criticism has done its worst," "who has formed the literary taste of England and America to an extent beyond any contemporary," finally closing by saying, "we certainly shall not profane the great work before us by the slight handling of an ordinary review."

In 1850, a far inferior, but still somewhat eminent authority in the world of letters, *Blackwood*, spoke of Mr. Carlyle's works as "harsh, cramped, ungrammatical," of him as "a shallow and unsound politician," "an obscure and fantastic philosopher," "one to be severely reprehended for his obstinate attempt to inculcate a bad style," &c. Very different is the tone in which the *Blackwood* reviewer lays down the volumes of Frederick—"His quips and cranks of style no longer offend us," and we now have "affluent imagination" setting off his writings who is now called "a sage." Such variations of the literary kaleidoscope may tend to modify a too exaggerated estimate of the infallibility of reviewers—a race of men very useful in their way when they attempt to give a fair and faithful impression of passing cotemporary literature, but who have never, as in the nature of things it is impossible that they should, created or controlled the higher departments of philosophy, letters, or taste. So much for the victories of him of whom we have little hesitation in speaking as the most gifted seer of these many ages, whether in his prophetic or rhythmic character, whether as chief preacher or chief poet. Yet we have not taken these last volumes of Frederick in hand converted at all from our long-standing impressions about him. It is exceedingly remarkable, he seems now to us just what he seemed when we read those tissues of well-known anecdote about him in school-boy days, an utterly hard and mostly detestable character. Mr. Carlyle's astounding admiration for Frederick seems at first sight as inexplicable as his worship of Goethe. It is possible, however, to understand the origin of this adoration in both instances. As we have a thorough faith in Mr. Carlyle's great reality, his intense and pitying humanity, his love and trust in that infinite personal goodness we call God, one may well say, what could have induced him to select such a hero? Kings the worthiest and greatest have never had such a monument; this man, who, to our thinking, deserves the title of the last of the scoundrels, almost equally with the last of the kings, is the subject of the second most splendid and magnificent history in our language. We say the second, but it is only in a calm and

measured stateliness, in a symmetrical coherency, that Gibbon may be placed first; for the power of awakening manifold pleasurable feelings, for the graphic and the graced, for the subtle or more vernacular wit and humour, for the liveliest and most charming episodes—reading like necessary little novelettes in the main story—for philosophic remark, for analysis of character, we know not how we could prefer another history in our language to this, simply as history. We put out of sight *The French Revolution* of our author, the most Homeric of all stories since the *Iliad*, but told rather as Daniel or Isaiah might tell the burdens and the woes of ancient people, than as history usually tells her tale, precisely and clearly. But how comes it that Frederick should have enlisted all this homage? Certainly, if we love Carlyle, not the less do we hate *him*. As we have noticed in succession, from year to year, the first portions of the work as they have made their appearance, we have refrained from attempting to form any estimate of Frederick's character until the work should reach its close; and it is here at length before us, a marvellous piece of hero worship. Splendid indeed is the flight of this magnificent bird of prey, a very royal looking creature indeed in certain flights; but an eagle is majestic on the wing, but grotesque and ungainly on its feet or claws. We are not fond of these warlike kings at all; but in the air, hovering over the field of battle and of carnage, Frederick certainly seems clothed with many of the thunders and grandeurs of the god of war. Rossbach is very sublime, but away from the field what meannesses mark this cynical, man-hating philosopher of *Sans-Souci*. It is a study indeed to dissect his character, his coldness, his perfectly affable politeness, his reserve, his overflowing, his unbending cruelty, his graciousness, his recklessness of all expense, his meanness to the uttermost groschen, his knowledge of human nature and contempt of vanity, his own vanity and perfect ignorance of the contemptible figure he cuts, his amazing power and grasp of all lesser and larger things belonging to his kingdom and to Europe too, as in a vice of iron, his petty manufacturing of bad poetry, his rapid shafts of malignant wit at exactly those peccadilloes in others which were most manifest in himself; we have all these characteristics in him. Sometimes, however, we fancy that not the king, nor the statesman, nor even the warrior has so much fascinated Mr. Carlyle as certain other traits in the man—if we could believe in the man, which we do not. Was there a grand simplicity of stoicism in him? Sometimes it would seem so. Was life infinitely contemptible to him, and all creatures, human and other living, excepting dogs, or was he a mass of

affectations? We suspect all men who parade this contempt of their kind—Walpoles, Byrons, Voltaires; we believe in all such instances a hollow heart and an affected grimace are the property of those who, like Frederick, professed their hatred to man, and their love to dogs. This is not what Mr. Carlyle sees in him. Is it true, we wonder, when he was like to be overwhelmed by the combination of the three great powers of Europe against him, and when, in fact, he lost the battle of Kolin, that he carried poison about with him, ready for the last emergency? Is it true that he had such a contempt for life, and still more absolute a contempt for death? What a letter is this to his friend and minister, D'Argens!—

“You, as a follower of Epicurus, put a value on life; as for me, I regard death from the Stoic point of view. Never shall I see the moment that forces me to make a disadvantageous Peace; no persuasion, no eloquence, shall ever induce me to sign my dishonour. Either I will bury myself under the ruins of my Country, or if that *consolation appears too sweet to the Destiny that persecutes me, I shall know how to put an end to my misfortunes when it is impossible to bear them any longer.* I have acted, and continue to act, according to that interior voice of conscience and of honour which directs all my steps: my conduct shall be, in every time, conformable to those principles. After having sacrificed my youth to my Father, my ripe years to my Country, I think I have acquired the right to dispose of my old age. I have told you, and I repeat it, Never shall my hand sign a humiliating Peace. Finish this Campaign I certainly will, resolved to dare all, and to try the most desperate things either to succeed or to find a glorious end (*fin glorieuse*).”

Mr. Carlyle, of course, believes in the high, substantial heroism of his hero. Of religion, he had not the remotest approach to a possible rag or a shred of a fig-leaf to cover himself. That he believed in God does not at all appear. Mr. Carlyle believes that he believed for him, because, in Mr. Carlyle's words, “Atheism is flatly inconceivable;” but nothing to this effect transpires, to our knowledge, throughout his life. As little does he seem to have believed in the immortality of the soul, this arch-rhadamanthine archimandrite, who administered law with such enormous exaction of obedience, who held all things in his kingdom in the leash of such a tight, stern, cruel discipline, as he seems to have had no sense of relationship and responsibility to an Infinite Will, or to an invisible spiritual future. Mr. Carlyle shall say his word of apology for him in these particulars, and a more dreary, awful, and unlovably sorrowful picture to look upon from human life, we scarcely know; we hope the shades of pathos had some reflec-

tions in the interior lake of that hard, cold mind; but we incline to believe that they are rather the reflections of the author's than of the hero's nature:—

From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, “Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:”—and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it.

But if we indulge in severity of thought and speech to Frederick himself, we ought not to forget from what material his life was moulded. We cannot admire Mr. Carlyle's likeness of his father, or sympathize with him in his attempt to gloss over, indeed to eulogize and turn into virtues, the enormities of Frederick I., who has, with a very considerable claim to the title, been called “a monster, and besotted brute of a Brandenberger;” strong language, but not stronger than he seems to have deserved. He maltreated his wife most cruelly, and barbarously misused his children in their childhood and youth. He had all the savagery of nature we associate with Peter the Great, but he covered it with a rough garment of orthodox piety. The Bible, and a book of very admirable meditations and prayers, by Creutzberg, were read always in the palace at morning and evening prayers. His attendance on what some

people call the "means of grace" was very exemplary, and then from these devout exercises he passed to some of the vilest enormities of cruelty which can ever shadow a character. When he was dying, he put in a plea to the mercy of God, to the effect that the Almighty must forgive him, as he had never committed adultery; but it would be difficult to find in his history any other sins uncommitted. He had many characteristics which, in ordinary life, would proclaim a man eligible for Bedlam,—the formation of his brigade of giants, his tall regiment, among the rest. He violated the rights of nations in order that he might kidnap, or by any means procure, recruits above six feet in height. His tobacco parliament is one of the strangest legends of administration; yet he carried his nation forward, added to its strength, ruled it with a firm hand, and no doubt by his iron discipline gave the mould to that military character which, beneath the genius of his illustrious son, astonished Europe by its blaze of conquest, and led to the creation of Prussia, from the march of Brandenburg, into one of the great powers of Europe. All this, however, does not interfere with our perception that a worse husband, and a worse father, albeit so religious a man, it is impossible to conceive among the most brutal boors of Cossack steppes. Our readers remember that Frederick, wearied with his father's tyranny, fled from home, as he had often threatened to do—fled with a young Lieutenant Katt. The tragic story is well known. They were pursued, and overtaken, imprisoned, and tried for desertion, as both were in the army. The sentence of the Court-martial is well known; poor Katt was beheaded in front of young Frederick's prison window; the sentence of cashiering pronounced by the court-martial upon Frederick, the king, in frantic passion, set aside for death, and but for the earnest entreaty of the Emperor of Austria, it is most probable that Frederick William would have effectually prevented the disgrace of Kolin, the splendours of Rossbach, the annexation of Silesia, or the Prussian partition of Poland, by giving to Europe the edifying spectacle of a royal father imbruing his hands in the blood of a then most innocent and much injured son. The earlier years of the young prince up to this time had had a large experience, as had also those of his sisters, of kicks from the paternal toe, and blows from the paternal cane. In his twelve months' imprisonment in the fortress of Custrin, Frederick took those lessons which perhaps afterwards aided him to secure for himself the name of the Great. He became learned in the arts of hypocrisy, he became religious. He pleased his father, who promoted and brought about a marriage

abominated by the Prince, who took his own revenge by accepting, at the royal command, the wife, and never, through nearly the fifty years of married life, living with her. He treated his wife with a marked respect, and dignity, and courtesy; dined with her in state on certain days of the year, and always exacted for her the homage which her beauty, and purity, and piety demanded. Beyond this, there was no intercourse; and one of the saddest circumstances in the history of Frederick the Great is his tyranny to his beautiful and most exemplary wife. Father and son, after different fashions, are a precious pair of husbands: but the circumstances of his early life certainly furnish some extenuation to the son's utter faithlessness, coldness, and hardness. If he were unable to understand how there could be an Infinite Father to the world, let us hope that Infinite Father, with more charity than man could show, remembers how the epithet had been outraged and blasphemed in the home of the unhappy young man.

His father, coarse, narrow, a German boor, in fact, although a crowned king, had an utter detestation for all things French. At this time was rising a very remarkable sort of saturnine planet on the horizon of French literature, in the person of young Voltaire. When Frederick William visited his son, in prison at Custrin, and beheld sundry good books there, he did not know that, concealed behind a bed-curtain, were the works of that sardonic young sceptic, and other such works, their like. The *Henriade* came in Frederick's way: assuredly, it is not all that he supposed it to be; to him it was the old Testament and the New; it was Homer and Virgil, and everything and everybody else famous for genius or poetry. He had received no education; he could not guard either against error or bad taste; to the latest day of his life Frederick the Great could never spell decently. But it seems he had a nature capable of being inflamed by the magnanimous in character and the noble in sentiment; he gave his whole heart to this Voltaire, and the works in which the young Frenchman was kindling the passions by his eloquence, or shattering superstition by his wit, were the constant companions of the prince. He wrote to Voltaire; a friendship was formed between them; by-and-by, when he became king, he was glad to invite Voltaire to his kingdom, to his court; he bowed with perfect intellectual idolatry before the Frenchman. The king was parsimonious and penurious, but he became magnificent and generous, and all unselfish, for his friend. If ever homage to genius were real, if ever there were anything beautiful or animating in the spectacle of the deference paid by highest rank to genius, we have it in the behaviour

of Frederick to Voltaire. He sent him two thousand livres to pay his travelling expenses, settled twenty thousand livres per annum upon him, and upon his niece, Madame Denis, four thousand more. It is amusing and disgusting to notice, notwithstanding all this liberality, how the great poet haggled, before he came, for allowances of fuel, chocolate, and wax candles per day, in addition to his magnificent annuity and place at the royal table. When he came he was received like a prince; the king conferred upon him an order, and presented him with the key of a chamberlain of the palace. A story of more miserable meanness, on the part of Voltaire, we suppose the whole record of the history of genius does not exhibit. The king detected him selling his appointments for money—even selling his wax candles. By-and-by the wit, attacking some of the king's most amiable friends, Maupertuis, for instance, set the whole palace by the ears. We know the king wrote poetry; he sent some of his verses to Voltaire to look over: "See here," said the wit, "this is how he sends me his dirty linen to wash." More serious affairs—a law-suit with one Hirsch, a Jew and bill-broker—revealed that the sublime satirist had been guilty of a succession of gross peculations. Frederick determined to get rid of him. "You have a heart," said he to him, "a hundred times more horrible than your genius is beautiful." Flying from Berlin and Prussia, he took with him some manuscript volumes of the king's poetry. We do not suppose that he intended to publish them in his own name; he was too wise and brilliant, we are persuaded, to think of fathering Frederick's poetry—even though the reward had been Frederick's monarchy—but we are not so certain that he did not intend to sell and publish them as Frederick's. They would have commanded an immense profit, and he who could commit little larcenies must not be held incapable of great thefts. However, the king discovered his loss, and when Voltaire and his niece reached Frankfort, they found themselves in custody till the missing manuscripts should be delivered. They were sent back, and the pleasant Frenchman pursued his way. The intercourse of the cynical pair did not terminate here. Frederick always felt that he had been indebted to the genius of Voltaire. In their different departments, they were the two foremost men in Europe, and they had a profound interest in each other, which continued until death; but Frederick lost all faith in Voltaire—usually spoke of him as a rascal or scoundrel; yet it was through him that Frederick had first looked up to conceptions of the sublime and beautiful. Voltaire's epigrams, on bad and hollow things, were flying through all the civilized languages of Europe, and

upon a near intimacy it was found that this sublime creator could grovel to any meanness, and he whose arrows were ready for all insincerity, was himself perfect hollowness. We do not think the soil in Frederick's nature was very good, but we place his connection with Voltaire as among the extenuating circumstances in our estimate of his character. It is morally certain, had Voltaire been only ordinarily noble and pure, truthful, and not to say—which seems clearly impossible—modest, the structure of Frederick's character would have been wholly different. He laid himself out with much devotion to worship an Apollo, and found himself bowing before a Comus or a satyr.

Thus we have recalled to our readers' recollection some of those personal incidents which certainly may have tended to give to the character of Frederick its mould of hard, and inhuman, and unbelieving cruelty; but assuredly the elements were not wanting in himself—in the original constitution of his character. The one event of his life, that which led to all the great battle-fields and campaigns, to the severe exactions and pressure upon the pockets of his people, was his conflict with Austria, arising from his claim of Silesia and determination to add it to the Prussian inheritance. Kings, we suppose, and more especially great kings, are quite beyond all those moral codes by which we try ordinary human-kind. If we pounced upon a neighbour's house, contrived to get possession of its properties, and murdered its inhabitants, epithets would be applied to us neither complimentary nor pleasant. In fact, this seems exactly the state of the case between Frederick and Silesia. No doubt it is possible, by some circuitous route of argument, to make out a case for the conqueror; but Silesia had long been beneath the rule of Austria; there did not seem any pretext or plea upon which Frederick could act in the matter. The death of the Emperor, Charles VI., and the consequent appeal of Maria—Theresa his beautiful and brave young daughter just married, and about to become a mother—to the Pragmatic Sanction, furnished Frederick with all he wanted in the way of opportunity; the Pragmatic Sanction itself, whilst it had received the consent of all the great governments of Europe, was, from its unusual character, exposed to political tempests. Its representative, the new sovereign, was a young woman, most likely, therefore, weak, though in this she subsequently astonished Europe not less than Frederick. The claim was astonishing and most audacious; very much, if we could conceive such an event, as if Belgium should lay claim to the possession and government of Savoy. Prussia was an utterly insignificant

power in Europe, or was thought so ; the whole population of the kingdom was not more than about two millions and a-half. The father of Frederick had indeed amazingly increased the wealth of the nation and the wealth of his family, and he had left an army which, for resolution and discipline, Europe had certainly not seen since Cromwell's "Ironsides." But what were all these insignificant circumstances compared with the immense power, and influence greater than its power, of Austria? Not long since, some few years before the old King's death, a rumour had been rife of a marriage on foot between Maria Theresa, and this very audacious young King. What a pair ! What immensities of trouble, one thinks, such an event would have saved to Europe ! Clean impossible as it is to think of the marriage of such a "Beauty" with such a "Beast,"—the chief lady of Europe with certainly the chief man amongst the kings—this, also, is one of the *ifs* of history ; in that case it is curious to think how differently all matters would have turned. Frederick, as Emperor of Austria, would have been spared all those clouds and coruscations of battle in which he has soared aloft as in a chariot of fire ; and assuredly one thinks a poor Marie Antoinette, with a Frederick for a father, would have found her head firmly fixed upon her shoulders, and a Frederick a match even for French revolutionaries. All idle dreaming ; for the rumour never came to anything, and Maria Theresa was astonished, as was all Europe, in the first days of her queenhood, to find this handsome, agile, young god of war—god of war, then, incognito—springing down upon her territories, and signifying his will, that that bit, at any rate, should be Austria's no longer ; the thing is of course fresh enough in our readers' recollection. We only revert to it here for the purpose of marking that it displays no nicety of moral notions. We are not Quixotic ; we do not expect such from kings and their like ; it was not to be expected that a restless, turbulent young fellow, with an army at his finger's beck, and immense resources of genius and discipline, and such a power of work in him as it seems to us scarce mortal ever had before, should be able to sit down very still, and develop peacefully his little principality. It looks like a very ungrateful return, for it is understood that the father of Maria Theresa, the Emperor, had saved the life of the young prince, in the affair of the desertion, when his own implacable parent had resolved on his death. Kings are like genius, they make their own orbit : and the invasion of Silesia is not to be defended ; it is an act which finds its justification in its results ; in fact, Austria had turned the point

of its greatness; was commencing that period of its history in which it presents itself to us now, a huge, unwieldy, poisonous wen on the neck of Europe. It was far indeed from its present degradation, but the instincts of Frederick seem rightly to have estimated even then its growing incapacity. To the unreflecting eye, the one state was so small, and the other so large, that it would seem that Austria must have swallowed up Prussia quick when her wrath was kindled against it.

A still greater immorality than this of the annexation of Silesia, was the affair of Frederick's old age, his part in the partition of Poland. Through thick and thin, Mr. Carlyle goes in for his hero; as is to be expected by all who know Mr. Carlyle, he does not argue this case much, nor use great persuasion, to show that Frederick had some plea for joining the pack of wolves, but he cuffs and thumps the reader about the head, with his usual magnificent tempest of words, till, in sheer dismay, one gives up fighting the matter out with him, holding one's own impression still, that it was a base and bad action, assuring us again that Frederick is not to be tried by any high and truly noble standard. Oh, Mr. Carlyle, what then are we to gather from such moral teaching, if we apply it a little fully, as the following:—

Considerable obloquy still rests on Friedrich, in many liberal circles, for the Partition of Poland. Two things, however, seem by this time tolerably clear, though not yet known in liberal circles: first, that the Partition of Poland was an event inevitable in Polish History; an operation of Almighty Providence and of the Eternal Laws of Nature, as well as of the poor earthly Sovereigns concerned there: and secondly, that Friedrich had nothing special to do with it, and, in the way of originating or causing it, nothing whatever.

It is certain the demands of Eternal Justice must be fulfilled: in earthly instruments, concerned with fulfilling them, there may be all degrees of demerit and also of merit,—from that of a world-ruffian Attila, the Scourge of God, conscious of his own ferocities and cupidities alone, to that of an heroic Cromwell, sacredly aware that he is, at his soul's peril, doing God's Judgment on the enemies of God, in Tredah and other severe scenes. If the Laws and Judgments are verily those of God, there can be no clearer merit than that of pushing them forward, regardless of the barkings of Gazetteers and wayside dogs, and getting them, at the earliest term possible, made valid among recalcitrant mortals! Friedrich, in regard to Poland, I cannot find to have had anything considerable either of merit or of demerit, in the moral point of view; *but simply to have accepted, and put in his pocket without criticism, what Providence sent.*

A little further on, Mr. Carlyle amplifies his ideas:—

Whether his notion was scientifically right, and conformable to actual fact, is a question I have no thought of entering on; still less, whether Friedrich was morally right, or whether there was not a higher rectitude, granting even the fact, in putting it in practice. These are questions on which an Editor may have his opinion, partly complete for a long time past, partly not complete, or, in human language, completable or pronounceable at all; and may carefully forbear to obtrude it on his readers; and only advise them to look with their own best eyesight, to be deaf to the multiplex noises which are evidently blind, and to think what they find thinkablest on such a subject. Were it never so, just, proper, and needful, this is by nature a case of *Lynch Law*; upon which, in the way of approval or apology, no spoken word is permissible. Lynch being so dangerous a Lawgiver, even when an indispensable one!—

For, granting that the Nation of Poland was for centuries past an Anarchy doomed by the Eternal Laws of Heaven to die, and then of course to get gradually buried, or eaten by neighbours, were it only for sanitary reasons,—it will by no means suit, to declare openly on behalf of terrestrial neighbours who have taken up such an idea (granting it were even a just one, and a true reading of the silent but inexorably certain purposes of Heaven), That they, those volunteer terrestrial neighbours, are justified in breaking in upon the poor dying or dead carcass, and flaying and burying it, with amicable sharing of skin and shoes! If it even were certain that the wretched Polish Nation, for the last forty years hastening with especial speed towards death, did in present circumstances, with such a howling canaille of Turk Janissaries and vultures of creation busy round it, actually require prompt surgery, in the usual method, by neighbours,—the neighbours shall and must do that function at their own risk. If Heaven did appoint them to it, Heaven, for certain, will at last justify them; and in the mean while, for a generation or two, the same Heaven (I can believe) has appointed that Earth shall pretty unanimously condemn them. The shrieks, the foam-lipped curses of mistaken mankind, in such case, are mankind's one security against over-promptitude (which is so dreadfully possible) on the part of surgical neighbours.

Alas, yes, my articulate-speaking friends; here, as so often elsewhere, the solution of the riddle is not Logic, but Silence. When a dark human Individual has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him, to general satisfaction. Nations too, you may depend on it as certain, do require the same process, and do infallibly get it withal; Heaven's Justice, with written Laws or without, being the most indispensable and the inevitable thing I know of in this Universe. No doing without it; and it is sure to come:—and the Judges and Executioners, we observe, are *not*, in that latter case, escorted in and

out by the Sheriffs of Counties and general ringing of bells; not so, in that latter case, but far otherwise!—

The whole of which only seems to prove that it is right to do evil that good may come; and if a pair of pickpockets has managed to get possession of three notes for a thousand pounds each, and bribe us with one of them not to tell, we shall do right, in Mr. Carlyle's language, quoted above, in "simply accepting, and putting into the pocket without criticism, what Providence sends." We say the morality will not pass muster, only, as we further said above, upon the principle that kings are not amenable to those notions of society which regulate the practices of Bow-street officers. We regret Frederick's share in the partition of Poland, for he was a great and a good king, and he gives the light and strength of his great name to a bad transaction; howbeit, we have to remember that while Austria has governed her share of the partition badly, and Russia hers not merely diabolically but simply damnably, the government of Prussia has been one of development, consistency, and humanity. We have alleged these instances for the purpose of showing that Frederick's average ideas did not rise beyond those of the race of kings.

The two volumes before us are devoted to the most interesting periods and events of Frederick's life. His character emerges in all its maturity, in its minglings of what we should call loathsomeness with majesty; assuredly he looks great, and he is sublimely interesting in those periods when he seems likely to be overwhelmed. We are pleased to see with what distinctness Mr. Carlyle brings out the character of the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham; and we suppose it will come upon most of our readers with a not undelightful surprise to know that England, through the hand of her great minister, in reality lent so strong an influence to the stability—almost the creation—for the fall of Frederick would have been fatal—of the Prussian monarchy. Seldom has there been such a combination against any man as that of the great powers of Europe against Frederick, after his Saxon performances of 1746. It was determined that he should be cut down and hewn in pieces; populations to the number of a hundred millions were arrayed against him; his own population, by this time, was under five millions. Kings, empress, queens, senates, and those mighty commanders of ministries, king's mistresses, were arrayed all against him. Armed soldiers, four hundred and thirty thousand, were on the field arrayed against him; four invasions were storming down upon him from different points. He could not command

more than one hundred and fifty thousand; so stood the arithmetical account, says Mr. Carlyle, *plus* only what may be funded in his own head and heart, or in other heads and hearts beneath him. Mr. Carlyle has a most evident fondness for the painting of battle scenes. We scarcely like to confess how much we enjoy these immense and distinct paintings of his. We are not sufficiently learned in military science, in the art of strategy and attack, to say whether they are the chief paintings of this kind we possess; probably a military man would give the palm of preference to the extraordinary descriptions of General Napier. What we notice in these is their quiet, pathetic, humane power. You see so much on the canvas beside the immediate combatants—the landscape, the ordinary human dwellers there, although in the background, are as distinct as the soldiers and the fray. They read like the descriptions of battle in the Books of Joshua, or Judges, or Samuel. He picks up every little scrap of information that can help to realize a spot on which the field was fought. Before the battle of Torgau, we have the following; what a sweet charm of quiet and reflection, what vivid distinctness of painting, what an illustration of Mr. Carlyle's every style in some of these words!—

“Torgau is a fine solid old Town; Prussian military now abundant in it. In ancient Heathen times, I suppose, it meant the *Gau*, or District, of *Thor*; Capital of that *Gau*,—part of which, now under Christian or quasi-Christian circumstances, you have just been traversing, with Elbe on your right hand. Innocent rural aspects of Humanity, Boor's life, Gentry's life, all the way, not in any holiday equipment; on the contrary, somewhat unkempt and scraggy, but all the more honest and inoffensive. There is sky, earth, air, and freedom for your own reflections: a really agreeable kind of *Gau*; pleasant though in part ugly. Large tracts of it are pine-wood, with pleasant Villages and fine arable expanses interspersed. Schilda and many villages you leave to right and left. Old-fashioned Villages, with their village industries visible around; labouring each in its kind,—not too fast; probably with extinct tobacco-pipe hanging over its chin (*kalt-rauchend*, ‘smoking cold,’ as they phrase it).

“Schilda has an absurd celebrity among the Germans: it is the Gotham of Teutschland; a fountain of old broad-grins, and homely and hearty rustic banter; welling up from the serious extinct Ages to our own day; ‘*Schiltbürger*’ (Inhabitants of *Schilda*) meaning still, among all the Teutsch populations, a man of calmly obstinate whims and delusions, of notions altogether contrary to fact, and agreeable to himself only; resolutely pushing his way through life on those terms; amid horse-laughter, naturally, and general wagging of beards from surrounding mankind. Extinct mirth, not to be growled at or despised, in Ages running to the shallow, which have lost their mirth, and become all one

snigger of mock-mirth. For it is observable, the more solemn is your background of *dark*, the brighter is the play of all human genialities and coruscations on it,—of genial mirth especially, in the hour for mirth. Who the *Doctor Bordel* of Schilda was, I do not know; but they have had their Bordel, as Gotham had;—probably various Bordels; industrious to pick up those Spiritual fruits of the earth. For the records are still abundant and current; fully more alive than those of Gotham here are.—And yonder, then, is actually Schilda of the absurd fame. A small, cheerful-looking human Village, in its Island among the Woods; you see it lying to the left:—a clean brick-slate congeries, with faint smoke-canopy hanging over it, indicating frugal dinner-kettles on the simmer;—and you remember kindly those good old grinnings, over good *Schiltbürger*, good *Wise Men of Gotham*, and their learned Chroniclers, and unlearned Peasant Producers, who have contributed a wrinkle of human Fun to the earnest face of Life.

“After Schilda, and before, you traverse long tracts of Pine Forest, all under forest management; with long straight stretches of sandy road (one of which is your own), straight like red tape-strings, intersecting the wide solitudes: dangerous to your topographies,—for the finger-posts are not always there, and human advice you can get none. Nothing but the stripe of blue sky overhead, and the brown one of tape (or sand) under your feet: the trees poor and mean for most part, but so innumerable, and all so silent, watching you all like mute witnesses, mutely whispering together; no voice but their combined whisper or big forest *sough* audible to you in the world:—on the whole, your solitary ride there proves, unexpectedly, a singular deliverance from the mad railway, and its iron bedlamisms and shrieking discords and precipitances; and is soothing, and pensively welcome, though sad enough, and in outward features ugly enough. No wild boars are now in these woods, no chance of a wolf:”—what concerns us more is, that Friedrich's columns, on the 3rd of November, had to march-up through these long lanes, or tape-stripes of the Torgau Forest; and that one important column, one or more, took the wrong turn at some point, and was dangerously wanting at the expected moment!

Landscapes like these are enjoyed by peaceable people more than the roar and tempest of the cannon and the shock of the fight; but in the same way all the scenes are introduced, and over Mr. Carlyle's canvas a presence of mournful peace and retiring smoke before the clear bright face of open nature prevails over the picture. Perhaps our readers are not unacquainted with those huge and horrible, but clever, glaring, and brilliant canvasses of Horace Vernet in the Louvre, in which the modern battle-scenes of France have been depicted; and if they have been in the habit of frequenting galleries, they have perhaps compared them with some battle-scene of the elder Wouvermans, or Ruysdael, or Salvator Rosa, in which the storm of the battle is only used in the picture for the purpose of setting off

the repose of nature. This is exactly the impression which Mr. Carlyle's battle-pieces produce upon our minds, and this is the reason why we doubt whether, with their evident elaborate study and care, they would satisfy a soldier. Mr. Carlyle has evidently, among other things, mastered, so far as a civilian can, the dispositions of military science. We could dwell at length upon many of these—"The Battle of Prague," for instance, "one of the furious battles of the world, loud as Doomsday, the very emblem of which, done on the piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears,"—the Battle of Rossbach, in very truth one of the most amazing battles of all history, in which Frederick, with 22,000 men, utterly routed and scattered 60,000, with a loss of only 500 men on the side of the conquerors. This was the occasion on which, at the close of the battle, Frederick poured out that strange flash of cynical contempt, his ode, on his flying foes, the French; it was eminently characteristic of the man, and as eminently unquotable. Mr. Carlyle washes it out as clean as can well be to give English readers some idea of it; and certainly no life of Frederick would be complete which did not, in some sort, contain it. Lacking Voltaire's melody, it has all Voltaire's cynical wit, his saturnine and unmistakable transparency of expression; it was, in fact, a king with all these qualities taking leave of his foes in a contemptuous kick, where, by tradition, it is supposed kicks are pre-eminently disgraceful to be received, and by no persons more than the French. "Farewell, messieurs, good-bye to the back of you; if I ever see you again, which is not very likely—(and which, in fact, never happened; at Rossbach the French bade farewell to Frederick and interference with his affairs)—yet messieurs, if you ever present yourselves to me again, by all means present yourselves as you have done to-day. Though a king, and rather exacting in courtliness, rely upon it you cannot present yourselves in a more agreeable fashion to me; and for you, reckon upon a like agreeable reception—farewell, oh *mes amis!* and take with you the gratification that you have been kicked." In fact, this is the spirit of his ode on that battle-field—very different to Cromwell's letter after a like success at Dunbar. Having written it, however, and thus satisfied his cynical wrath, we must not fail to remember that he sat down and wrote a very different thing—lines of passionate and overflowing tenderness—to, "My dear sister, my good, my divine, and affectionate sister, who deign to interest yourself in the fate of a brother who adores you, deign also to share my joy." Such very different things there were in this man; and his love to her whom he calls so often his "adorable sister,"

Wilhelmina, the Margravine of Baireuth, is one of the few bits of humanity in him which almost leads us to suspect that he was a man after all. Following the battle of Rossbach, next month—both battles were fought 1757—came the great battle of Leuthen—in fact this was a greater victory than Rossbach; the panic at Rossbach must have been greater, but it was a routing, skirmishing, scattering, cutting into ignominious pieces the immense army by Frederick's regiments, not quite one-third in number. At Leuthen the fight was more like that of a pitched battle. Napoleon—an eminent judge, of course—thought this Frederick's masterpiece, manifesting every quality, military and moral, of the commanding general. And what a beautiful little incident is that of which Mr. Carlyle has availed himself, as four columns of Frederick's army were rustling themselves into two, flowing before the King as if in a review. They came up, says Mr. Carlyle,

I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field music, as they marched there, the sound of psalms,—many-voiced melody of a Church Hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men. The fact is very certain, very strange to me: details not very precise, except that here, as specimen, is a verse of their Hymn:

'Grant that with zeal and skill this day I do
'What me to do behoves, what thou command'st me to;
'Grant that I do it sharp, at point of moment fit,
'And when I do it, grant me good success in it.'

'*Gieb dass ich thu' mit Fleiss was mir zu thun gebühret,*
'*Wozu mich dein Befehl in meinem Stande führet,*
'*Gieb dass ich's thue bald, zu der Zeit da ich's soll;*
'*Und wenn ich's thu', so gieb nass es gerathe wohl.'*

One has heard the voice of waters, one has paused in the mountains at the voice of far-off Covenanter psalms; but a voice like this, breaking the commanded silences, one has not heard. "Shall we order that to cease, your Majesty?" "By no means," said the King; whose hard heart seems to have been touched by it, as might well be. Indeed there is in him, in those grim days, a tone as of trust in the Eternal, as of real religious piety and faith, scarcely noticeable elsewhere in his History. His religion, and he had in withered forms a good deal of it, if we will look well, being almost always in a strictly voiceless state,—nay, ultra-voiceless, or voiced the wrong way, as is too well known. "By no means," answered he; and a moment after said to some one, Ziethen probably: "With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day?"

Commend us to Mr. Carlyle, above all writers, for the power of availing himself of every little touch that sheds gentlest, most pathetic, and realizing light over the whole scene. The battle of Leuthen must have convinced Austria and Europe that Silesia was indeed fairly gone to Prussia. The victory was indeed complete; ten thousand Austrians were strewn on the field, between three and four thousand slain, twelve thousand at the close of the battle were taken prisoners—before the flight was over, twenty-one thousand; they lost fifty-one flags, and one hundred and sixteen cannon. In contrast with this, eighty-five Prussians had been taken prisoners, about eleven hundred killed, five thousand wounded. Exploring in all directions, our historian finds those little melodramatic lights which give such reality to his pictures. Here we must quote a very striking scene, at the close of the day, in the dusk of the twilight; as the king was determined to push on further,

Riding up the line, all now grown dusky, Frederick asks, "Any battalion a mind to follow me to Lissa?" Three battalions volunteering, follow him; three are plenty. At Saara, on the Great Road, things are fallen utterly dark. "Landlord, bring a lantern and escort." Landlord of the poor Tavern at Saara escorts obediently; lantern in his right hand, left hand holding by the King's stirrup-leather,—King (Excellency or General, as the Landlord thinks him) wishing to speak with the man. Will the reader consent to their Dialogue, which is dullish, but singular to have in an authentic form, with Nicolai as voucher? Like some poor old horse-shoe, ploughed-up on the field. Two farthings' worth of rusty old iron; now little other than a curve of brown rust: but it galloped at the battle of Leuthen; that is something;—

King. "Come near; catch me by the stirrup-leather" (Landlord with lantern does so). "We are on the Breslau Great Road, that goes through Lissa, aren't we?"

Landlord. "Yea, Excellenz."

King. "Who are you?"

Landlord. "Your Excellenz, I am the *Krätschmer*" (Silesian for Landlord) "at Saara."

King. "You have had a great deal to suffer, I suppose."

Landlord. "Ach, your Excellenz, had not I? For the last eight-and-forty hours, since the Austrians came across Schweidnitz Water, my poor house has been crammed to the door with them, so many servants they have; and such a bullying and tumbling:—they have driven me half mad; and I am clean plundered out."

King. "I am sorry indeed to hear that;—Were there Generals too in your house? What said they? Tell me, then."

Landlord. "With pleasure, your Excellenz. Well; yesterday noon, I had Prince Karl in my parlour, and his Adjutants and people all

crowding about. Such a questioning and bothering! Hundreds came dashing in, and other hundreds were sent out: in and out they went all night; no sooner was one gone, than ten came. I had to keep a roaring fire in the kitchen all night; so many officers crowding to it to warm themselves. And they talked and babbled this and that. One would say, That our King was coming on, then, 'with his Potsdam Guard Parade.' Another answers, 'Oach, he daren't come! He will run for it; we will let him run.' But now my delight is, our King has paid them their fooleries so prettily this afternoon!"

King. "When got you rid of your high guests?"

Landlord. "About nine this morning the Prince got to horse; and not long after three, he came past again, with a swarm of officers; all going full speed for Lissa. So full of bragging when they came; and now they were off, wrong side foremost! I saw how it was. And ever after him, the flood of them ran, High-road not broad enough,—an hour and more before it ended. Such a pellmell, such a welter, cavalry and musketeers all jumbled: our King must have given them a dreadful lathering. That is what they have got by their bragging and their lying—for, your Excellenz, these people said, too, 'Our King was forsaken by his own Generals, all his first people had gone and left him:' what I never in this world will believe."

King (not liking even rumour of that kind). "There you are right; never can such a thing be believed of my Army."

Landlord (whom this 'my' has transfixed). "*Mein Gott*, you are our *gnädigster König* (most gracious King) yourself! Pardon, pardon, if in my stupidity, I have"—

King. "No, you are an honest man:—probably a Protestant?"

Landlord. "*Joa, joa, Ihr Majestät*, I am of your Majesty's creed!"

Crack-crack! At this point the Dialogue is cut short by sudden musket-shots from the woody fields to right; crackle of about twelve shots in all; which hurt nothing but some horse's feet,—had been aimed at the light, and too low. Instantly the light is blown out, and there is a hunting out of Croats; Lissa or environs not evacuated yet, it seems; and the King's entrance takes place under volleyings and cannonadings.

King rides directly to the Schloss, which is still a fine handsome house, off the one street of that poor Village,—north side of street! well railed off, and its old fences now trimmed into flower-plots. The Schloss is full of Austrian Officers, bustling about, intending to quarter, when the King enters. They, and the force they still had in Lissa, could easily have taken him: but how could they know? Frederick was surprised; but had to put the best face on it. "*Bon soir, Messieurs!*" said he, with a gay tone, stepping in: "Is there still room left, think you?" The Austrians, bowing to the dust, make way reverently to the divinity that hedges a King of this sort; mutely escort him to the best room (such the popular account); and for certain, make off, they and theirs, towards the Bridge, which lies a little farther east, at the end of the Village.

Following the King to Lissa, comes after him, through the

thick darkness, breaking the silence, a cheerful Prussian host of twenty-five thousand men. We heard them singing their fine Lutheran hymn, as they moved slowly down to battle in the morning; now through the dark night they march, all the voices of the twenty-five thousand swelling into a kind of Lutheran *Te Deum*. Some grenadier had raised his voice that way, and the whole of the regimental bands struck into the strain:—

' <i>Nun danket alle Gott</i>	'Now thank God, one and all,
' <i>Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen</i>	'With heart, with voice, with hands-a,
' <i>Der grosse Dinge thut</i>	'Who wonders great hath done
' <i>An uns und allen Enden.</i>	'To us and to all lands-a.'

So they advanced, following their King, their voices far-sounding and melodious through the hollow night; a pious people with pious ways, in which we believe lay the great secret of Frederick's success. The soldiers of all Christendom besides, at that time, were the sweepings of the shoddy-floors and dustbins of creation. These pious men, marching on to Lissa, illustrated their nation and their victories. Straight across the fields to their bivouac, we join with their historian in hoping they had at least tobacco to depend upon, and healthy, joyful hearts, and so passed the night in a thankful, comfortable manner. We have not recited the stories of Frederick's battles with much reference to order; we have been rather desirous of setting before our readers some new illustrations of the vigour of the painter. Many dark days followed for Frederick after Rossbach and Leuthen; finally he settled down in what Mr. Carlyle calls "the afternoon and evening of his life," to twenty-three years of peace, to which, it seems to us, our author devotes an amazingly inconsiderable space. We could have been well content to have received two volumes more—for which Mr. Carlyle must have abundance of material—for those twenty-three years seem to us to have been the real period of the creation of that amazing system of successful state craft, centralization, and bureaucracy—the Prussian constitution and government. We should like to say to Mr. Carlyle, Is the soldier then only interesting? Are battle-fields the only points of observation? Emerging into this period he says, "Frederick's history being henceforth that of a Prussian King, is interesting to Prussia chiefly, and to us little otherwise than as the biography of a distinguished fellow-man." We are truly amazed that Mr. Carlyle should say so, for indeed those twenty-three years most really raised Prussia to its place in the system of nations. It does not accord with our faith to believe that

even the conquest of Silesia by arms was perhaps the cheapest, most humane, and best method of extending the Prussian monarchy. However that may be, Frederick is to us, perhaps, even more interesting as the monarch than as the warrior. The tactics of the royal old spider stretching out his web over the cornices of his kingdom are sometimes horribly entertaining to us. But, then, as surely as much of his despotism enwraths and disgusts, so also much of it seems to indicate the exceedingly capable statesman. We greatly regret that we have not more copious unfoldings of the last years of his reign, in the which he set to work—and never did man work harder—to restore a ruined Prussia. Some, and many of his expedients for this purpose were unscrupulous enough. We almost wonder that Mr. Carlyle has not devoted more pages to the glorification of such an ideal statesman; not Mr. Ruskin nor Mr. Carlyle could more abominate all the lessons of political economy—"the Dismal Science," as our author any time for the last twenty-five years has loved to call it—than did Frederick. Mr. Carlyle believes that by its lessons Frederick would not have developed his country from sand and quagmire. "God is great and Plugson of Undershot is His prophet. Thus saith the Lord, "buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest—to which "the afflicted mind listens what it can—have the goodness to "terminate that litany and take up another." All this, and a great deal more like it, is eminently Carlylese, nor are we about to debate with him, assuredly. Prussia, perhaps, was only fit to be dealt with in that despotic fashion. The nations of Europe were not on very good terms with each other, with Frederick especially; yet, however, he developed the resources of his own people; perhaps his method is not to be thought of as normal and desirable. Frederick was a man equal to strong expedients, equal, on one memorable occasion, to the debasement of the coin of his realm—becoming a royal fountain of bad coin to his people—employing Ephraim the Jew to be illegal coiner in general to his state. We shall not pronounce a harsh and ignorant verdict on the transaction, for the King's necessities were imminent and great, and he could do this thing in the same despotic spirit in which he set all the alphabet of political economy and free trade at defiance. But it must remain to us doubtful whether, on the contrary, faith in constitutional lessons and principles would not have yielded even higher and purer results. But Mr. Carlyle never misses his opportunity for a castigation or a sneer at the general "Anti-penalty-or-Life-made-soft-Association, with cause of civil and religious liberty all the "world over, and such like."

Of course, in opening the famous old business of the miller Arnold's law-suits, Mr. Carlyle takes part with the miller and the King. Famous illustration this of a king making himself chief judge, and setting aside the decisions of magistrates, judges, and even chancellors, rudely sending them to the right-about, proclaiming them knaves, and, as Mr. Carlyle would perhaps say, imbecile red-tapists. He seems to have gone most painfully over the whole business. It is exactly the kind of case clear to his admiration; a king going down to Westminster Hall, tearing up briefs, telling lawyers to hold their tongues, and chancellors that they ought to know better, and are not fit to be where they are; something like this is the impression conveyed by the circumstance, and yet it seems doubtful whether the miller Arnold was not a great rogue after all, and the king clearly in the wrong. But although Mr. Carlyle has not set us the example of devoting much attention to the last years of Frederick, we could be content, did space allow, to devote a little ourselves. In those years he sunk more and more into an eccentric, and not pleasant-looking old man. He and Voltaire kept up a kind of intimacy at a distance, firing letters at each other—on Voltaire's part, plenty of what looks like servility, on the King's, of sparrow-shot; he saw better people than Voltaire; and the easy, affable, and amiable manner in which he talked with literary men, to whom he desired to be introduced, and from whom he extracted exactly the kind of thought or work which had made them remarkable, is really very pleasing. His interviews with Gessner and Zimmermann are of this kind. Calling up villages from wastes, granting sums of money for building churches, engaging in business, as if he were some poor labourer or tradesman; rising to the latest period of his life, or until within a week or two of his death, at four or five o'clock in the morning; listening to letters and dispatches, and giving orders for replies to them, while he was dressing before his fire; receiving there reports from his adjutants and generals after his cup of coffee, or several cups of coffee, always sweetened with mustard; then coming forth for his walks, cane in hand, ready to be applied pretty indiscriminately, too, to his subjects of all ranks and sizes; dressed like a perfect beggarly old guy, his uniform always patched and thread-bare, his boots, from age and want of blacking, always worn to a tawny red; then receiving his more influential secretaries—his ministers he rarely met, and always directed from a distance, in mere autocratic style—or reviewing his guards, or taking a walk, or reading. Then came dinner, always a great affair with the old gentleman. He who could fight his greatest battles on

a cup of chocolate, was rather fastidious in the matter of cookery; in fact, a gourmand of the first water. To his dinner-table all ranks were admitted; but all ranks also were exposed to the shafts of his dangerous wit, and we must say that he seemed to delight in a wit which would give pain; delighted also in that which is usually a mask of a low, even of a bad character, practical joking. There are many instances of this on record. Rising from his table, he devoted himself, until within a few years of the close of his life, to his flute. He was an admirable player; and if the anatomy had a passion for anything, it was for music. He generally contrived some little concert in the palace towards the close of the day. When we speak of his inaccessibility to passion, however, we must not forget his extraordinary love for his favourite dogs. His behaviour to his greatest generals, if they ever failed, was most inexorable, rhadamanthine, and cruel,—contrasting wonderfully with the nobility of Napoleon in this. The only general who ever sinned and did not suffer seems to have been Ziethen, by whose blundering he certainly lost what would have been a grand and overwhelming victory at Torgau. The discipline among the soldiers of his army was most infernal in its cruelty and severity; but he who did not know or appreciate a man was quite able to know and appreciate a dog when he saw him. Dogs spoke to the heart of this pleasant man. The anecdote is well known of his confidential friend, D'Argens, entering his apartment one evening, at a very trying period, too, of the King's life, when the five powers were all in conspiracy against him—the five powers, we will be bound to say, could little guess what Frederick was about just then;—he was on the floor with a great platter of fried meat, a stick in his hand, pushing the best bits to his favourites, and keeping the too hungry ones off. We believe there is no record of any similar tenderness to human creatures. He held men at a distance, even in his kindness to them. His greyhounds, as they died, were buried beneath the terrace at Sans-Souci, and tombstones placed over their remains. “How beautiful!” certain lackadaisical sentimentalists will be tempted to exclaim. “Not at all beautiful,” say we. In other instances, Cowper's love of hares, Bentham's love of cats, and such instances, we read the story of deprived and pent-up human feelings finding a vent, and wronged nature seeking to satisfy herself; but we shall not be betrayed into any such admission in the case of Frederick. We believe the misanthrope's love for his dogs was in no sense a compliment to the misanthrope, only a proof of that necessity for associating, even in his more tender moods, love of power with contempt

of man,—that contempt of man which manifested itself strikingly in his last wish—unfulfilled however—that he might be buried by the side of his dogs. Space altogether fails for the interest of these closing years of this remarkable man, whose meanness and magnanimity seem to lie together in most puzzling proportions. Horses, of course, were favourites with him. Condé, the glorious steed who bore him at Rossbach and Leuthen, was petted and fed by his own hands. He had some fine steeds, thorough-bred, bearing the names of the chief ministers of Europe, Choiseul, Bruhl, Kannitz, Pitt, and Bute; but poor Bute's was a very hard fate. When his great namesake forsook the alliance with Prussia, and entered into one with France, the poor horse was transferred from his beautiful stables, yoked to a mule, and, although a thorough-bred steed, condemned to draw orange trees about on the terraces of Potsdam. Yet, this same King passing the through the streets of Berlin, seeing a crowd gathered round a wall, rode up to it, and, inquiring into it, found that some strong and mocking satire upon himself and his doings just then had just been suspended there. The King instantly gave directions that it should be taken down, and hung up lower, where the people could see it more easily; and it was done: but scarcely done before it was destroyed by the loyal people altogether. All sorts of moods were in the man. Like Charles the Fifth, he could tolerate no interference with his diet, even when it most interfered with him. He sent for Doctor Mohlson; with much deference the Doctor intimated that he should abstain from Parmesan cheese, and polentas. "Ah! le Teufel!" exclaimed the king; "get away, you are reprimanding me—I don't want to see you any more." He seems to have dealt more tenderly with those who remonstrated with him as to the state of his soul than with the physicians who dealt with his body. One morning among his letters was found one from some zealous persons pressing upon him his conversion; he handed it to one of his secretaries to be replied to—"And mind and answer them kindly," said the King, "for they mean well."

Not even the life of any considerable man is sown so thickly with anecdotes as the last years of this great Frederick—of his scorn, of his gentleness, of his helping everybody in distress, of his shrewd hardness and cruelty, of his detecting at a glance in an immense bill an error of two or three sous, of his urging forward industry, of his clipping close to the narrowest economy, of his righteousness, of his injustice, of his travelling to and fro in the little villages of his kingdom—always stopping at the house of the minister of the parish, because he could be quiet and have good conversation, and always leaving

a settled sum behind him which paid handsomely for the cost and trouble. Sometimes the man looks as lovable as a real human brother, and at others he looks as though the whole legion out of the Gadarene swinery had got into him. The time came when he went to that plain little mattress on which he slept for the last time, and the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen would not be up and about his business as usual at five in the morning. Life had been no pleasant thing to this poor man—for he was a poor man—and there are few who have been here for whom we feel more pity than for Frederick; with all his conquests, possessions, and principalities, he was poor. "Life," wrote he, a little while before his death, to his sister, "if we examine it strictly, what is it? It consists in seeing "one's fellow-creatures die and be born." So the time came when Frederick had to die. Tuesday, August 15th, 1786, an unheard-of event happened, the King did not waken until eleven o'clock in the morning; he contrived, however, that afternoon to sign a number of despatches—that afternoon, and never more. Next morning, when his chief commander came, he tried to speak, but could not; the old general burst into tears; the King's eyes fell; he was making exit, the curtain was rustling down! That night his favourite dog was watching in the room: he saw it shivering; "Throw a quilt over it," he said; and Mr. Carlyle thinks these were his last words, though some recorders say, after a violent fit of coughing, he said, "We are over the mountain; we shall be better now;" but, if he said these words, they were his last. He died in the arms of a faithful valet, Strützki. Strützki's arm round the King's neck, supporting his head—the King's arms round Strützki's neck. So the poor old man, seventy-four years six months and twenty-four days old, incomparably the chief prince of his age, died then in the arms of a humble but not the less faithful servant, and there was a wife not far away—close at hand, indeed—who had written only a day or two since, in, shall we use such a word as *anxiety* for a relationship like theirs? And his last letter was a formal and polite reply to her inquiries. It was a death like the life—cut off from everything that looks human and affectionate—stern and lonely; Mr. Carlyle thinks a man with more sensibility than other men; we cannot contradict Mr. Carlyle, perhaps it was so; such strange incomprehensible stuff is that divine-infernal material of which we are moulded. Of course, he lay in state, the armies he had hailed to their grand victories waiting round the wasted, worn body, beautiful in death, our author thinks; the thin grey hair parted into locks and slightly

powdered. Then he was borne away to the Garrison Church in Potsdam, and, behind the pulpit there, laid beside his father, where their two coffins may still be seen. The way in which Mr. Carlyle sums up the whole in a verdict, from which many readers will dissent, is very well known :—

I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings ;—when the Next will be, is a very long question ! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair,—blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's-misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever ?)—as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished : that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers ; bad also, adieu.

But if we demur to the immense estimate Mr. Carlyle has set upon his hero, we shall not doubt that he has told this story in very bardic strain. If a history be interesting by the pomp of its circumstance, and its vivid combination in one harmonious whole of all that can affect in painting, or charm in melody, or surprise in wit, or instruct by experience, or inspire by magnanimity, or melt by pathos,—we shall not hesitate to say that in Mr. Carlyle's own manner and measure of barbaric, but not less overwhelming resonance, he has told the story of his Achilles, in the spirit, we sometimes think with the very gifts, of a Homer, and we have yet to be persuaded that it should occupy a place second to any of the immortal histories of our language. We have no doubt that remote posterity will appreciate it far more highly, and turn to it with far more readiness for its variegated lights and many-toned pleasant notes, than the readers of our present age.

II.

A NEW FICTION WITH A PURPOSE.*

WE wish to write our most appreciative word of this admirable and unexceptionable book. We feel while we read it that a new master of fiction has arisen, and some aspects of the book compel us to regard it as the most helpful and purposeful story we remember for a long time to have read. It is possible that to some of our readers these terms of commendation will be rather deterring than inviting. Fictions with a purpose are very often exactly the books to which one makes up a purpose to give a wide berth. Yet within the last few years we have had many exceptions to such fears. Mr. Kingsley's finest fictions were written eminently with a purpose, and the vast and disproportionate structures of *Les Misérables* were all wrought together by a purpose. It would be idle to lay the finger on other manifold illustrations. It sometimes, however, seems to us that all sorts of societarian ideas and theories may find their vent, and fulfil themselves, through the pages of fiction. But when some writer seeks by the same means to set the distractions of nature and life as fine discords into a great religious harmony, the purpose is suspected and denounced as inartistic and religious cant. Hence a popular idea prevails—prevails very extensively, too, among religious folk—that while fiction is permissible as a recreation when separated from religious aims, it becomes disgusting when subjected to them. Certain orders of religious writers have themselves something to answer for in this matter. Religious stories are usually quite as dreary trash as the dreariest of the stuff Mr. Newby's press pours yearly through the third rate circulating libraries, for the delight of the brainless and heartless daughters of our watering places. There are, however, fine exceptions to the general dreary desultoriness of religious novels; but we are disposed to regard *The Gayworthys* as the finest of all. It is full of nature—the scenery of woods, and hills, and farms, and hearts, and souls. It is full of radiant and kindly humour; and now and then the author shows that the teeth of wit might

* *The Gayworthys: a Story of Threads and Thrums.* By the Author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood.* 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

not be wanting, only that all things and characters are beheld in such an earnest, but human, and pitying, and holy light. There is plenty of experience here, innumerable passages which reveal what the writer knows and has felt. Secret places of the heart are entered, secret chamber doors thrown open, closets where skeletons are kept, and little drawers where the *souvenirs* of life are preserved. The book has taken possession of us. We perceive that it is a book for much-enduring usefulness. We implore the publishers to get it as speedily as possible into some pleasant portable, cheap edition. We shall often think of it ourselves when we want to make some little book present. There is not a word in it that can do harm, and there are hundreds of strokes of the happy pen that you feel sure must do good. The sweet, quiet power of New England farms and villages floats over the pages like breezes from rural and sylvan scenes; pleasant, too, tantalizing suggestive hints of the deeds done in New England farm-house kitchens, quite impossible, we fear, to our cuisinery and epicerian ways; how the heart becomes strong and clear in the presence of lonely trials, winding chambers of old-world houses, with their snow-wreath-like sheets in the bed-chamber, and their bright, if blunt, talk in the household room, pictures of the quiet boat shooting down the river, of travellers lost in the solitudes of all but impassable and inaccessible mountain chains; what hearts think in the still church, bearing their own burden, while the minister talks his big words in the same building, but in reality ever so many leagues away; the little village, republic of farms, suddenly brought into the neighbourhood of noisy ships on stormy and adventurous seas, and this with all the strife and the attainment of virtue and piety, the wearing sense of disappointment and wonder, the cark and care of secret sin; human strength and human weakness in neighbourhood and in conflict:—all these in fore-ground and in back-ground spread out by the artist on the canvas, form one of the most delightful unities, one of the most perfect, and sense and soul-satisfying pictures upon which, through such pages, it has been our lot to look, or our happiness to enjoy. We cannot doubt that while the stream of books and fictions flows on, bearing its annual tribute to oblivion, this will hold a steady place for many years on the shelves of the bookseller; constantly in request, because giving with such charming vivacity, and *naïveté* of genius, purity, and piety, if not the answer, the rendering into so clear a light as sometimes to produce the effect of a reply, those questions, those trials, and irritations, and wants of the human heart which, while we in our conceit fancy to be almost the sole inheri-

tance of our generation and age, are, in fact, the property of all thoughtful and sensitive natures, smitten with the painful sense of the disproportion of what they are, with what they seek—the disproportion of the immense and costly furniture of the soul, with the little round and cabin in which it has to content itself with setting up the furniture which it feels to have the richness of the gilding of eternity.

Our American cousins are singular people, and they are singular in the stories they tell us; certainly we fear that we are not likely, in some respects, to send them back as good as they give us. We do not mean in the great masters of letters—no Bulwer, no Thackeray, even in the productions of the present—but we fall short in pictures like those conjured up in *The Gayworthys*. We know that we have such living, and feeling, and doing, but our great literary artists find it altogether beneath their condescension to describe such ways. In truth, the want of our English story-telling is happy, innocent homeliness. Town-life is the chief ingredient in our novels—town-life frequently of not a very lovely or lovable character; the pleasant torture chambers of lawyers' offices, the excitements and *denouements* of a Brighton rendezvous, the bewitchingly maudlin entanglements of high life, unnatural inventions and complications, sheer impossibilities made to harrow the sensitive reader like a ghost. Our rage for reality makes us utterly unnatural and unreal, so that one of the greatest masters of realism in romance now amongst us, and certainly perhaps its most popular representative, is one of our most unnatural writers. For nature, we have often said, is not to be represented by walking up and down either Fleet Street, Regent Street, or Brighton esplanade; the characters so introduced are natural enough to their degree, but they are wanting in the unconventional freedom of action. We do not take much pleasure in reciting and making an inventory of all the items of a lawyer's office; the inventory may be real enough when made, but what does it all come to? Our writers of fiction seem to delight in all but impossible social complications, and utterly impossible dilemmas of character. Compared with these, the volumes before us are marked by a simple yet sharp naturalness of delineation. Indeed, it may be most fairly assumed that characters become interesting as their experiences are placed beyond the mere visible conventional and sensual round of life. It is true enough that great multitudes never have a life beyond such low and limited knowledge; but it cannot be a very elevating task either to note it or describe it, and certainly not to fill whole volumes with it. Among the professors of natural

science and history, there are arachnologists—gentlemen who devote themselves to the study of the ways and varieties of spiders—so others may devote themselves to the study of the ways and varieties of reptile or simious tribes. There are observers of human nature who seem to imitate them, and construct the pages and scenes of fiction out of the least and lowest aims of which human nature is capable. Man's nature—in which we include woman's too—is tested by the power and the pressure upon him of invisible worlds and spiritual motives, and if the development of the serene lives of the lords of the *table d'hôte* and the dressing-room, and the fine ladies of jewellery, drapery, and fashion, reveals the lowest side—the laughable and comic side—of our nature,—religion, with its teachings, and anxieties, and hopes, reveals the highest. And here is a cooling and charming picture :—

Only the dock always grows beside the nettle. It is God who takes care of that. Aunt Rebecca, in her white dress, with her pure gentle young face, came out to the door-stone and stood behind Sarah.

The pleasant south wind was blowing through the great maples that stood in a row between the road and the chip-yard; the scent of early roses came up from the low flower-garden, to which a white gate and a few rough stone steps led in and down straight opposite the door. Further on, beside the drive that wound with sudden slope around the garden, to the right, toward the great barns, stood the long trough, hewn from a tree-trunk, and holding clear cold water that flowed incessantly into it through a wooden duct, of halved and hollowed saplings, leading from a spring in the hillside, away up behind the house. Here a yoke of tired cattle were drinking,—the ploughboy standing patiently beside; close by the great creatures' heads, upon the trough-rim, perched fearless chickens, dipping their yellow bills; and underneath and around, in the merry, unfailing puddles, splashed and quackled the ducks. The bright June sun, genial, not scorching, hung in the afternoon sky. There were birds in the maple trees, and the very grass about the door-stone was full of happy life.

Very different indeed are the human forms which pass in succession through this pleasant book. The bright and wise Joanna Gayworthy is full of things very pleasant to hear or to see in print, and if sometimes sufficiently shrewd, never cruel nor sharp, although she “don't know what some saints would do if there “wasn't a world round them lying in wickedness,” and feels aggravated with the perfections of Mrs. Prouty, who makes the “rest of the world to be an offset to her righteousness” —

“She's so faithful among the faithless, and always in such a small way! She darns her stockings,—Wednesday nights,—on the right side; and it isn't evangelical to darn them on the wrong. And not to

get the clothes dried on Monday, when her wash is over, is nothing less than Antichrist. It's mint, anise, and cummin,—gnats and needle's eyes. There isn't any room for Christian sympathy. And then look at Mrs. Fairbrother, with her whining ways and beautiful submission to her troubles and "chastenings." Other people are chastened too, I suppose. But she believes Providence keeps a special rod in pickle for her, and doesn't do much else of importance, but discipline and pity her. I'm tired of going about among such people."

A fine character, moulded by faith and common-sense, is Joanna Gayworthy, fighting her battle of life, with the great blank future opening itself before her. Poor Joanna! her soliloquy, with its slight shade of disappointment, its heavy heart of grief and little dash of bitterness, is very characteristic, and we suppose that many lovely and estimable women have indulged in some such half-humorous and altogether sad feelings:—

"I should like to know how people come to bear their lives." It was in this wise she began the fight. "A whole winter, shut up there, with Jaazaniah Hoogs! Ten, twenty, sixty winters, perhaps." Joanna gave a little gasping scream to herself at the imagination. "And there's Prue. And Jane is'n't much better, whatever she supposes. And I wonder what I'm coming to. I shall have Beesy for a while, maybe. She's all I've got; and then, somehow, she'll slip away from me, as she did just now; she's too good for us, I'm afraid; or perhaps some prowling missionary will come along, as they do in the memoirs, and carry her off to the tigers and anacondas. And then I shall take care of father; but I can't keep him for ever; and Gershom'll grow up and go away, and Prue'll go after him; and I'm tough, and I shall live through it all, and grow fat—that's what it turns to with people like me—and nobody'll really know anything about it, or care for me; and I shall be 'old Miss Gayworthy' for forty years after I shall wish I was dead and gone. Well! the world must always be full of 'other folks,' I suppose, and I shall be one of 'em, that's all."

This is the great charm of the book, its deep faith in the providential ordering of human lives; that "the whole creation travaileth with us, and all our minutest relations are adjusted lest a single human soul should lose its wonderful balance and consciousness, and be lost." Yet the author says, after reciting the sweetly pathetic stories of the two old maid sisters, Rebecca and Joanna Gayworthy:—

I have not done with my two young sisters. But this—the story of their youth—is told. Many a life-story ends, to human knowledge, as abruptly. Fate does not round and finish all in the first few years of mortal experience. Things don't go on in eventful succession, day by day, in the real years, as they do, page by page, in a novel. God gives us intervals; and we can neither skip nor turn the leaves faster than

they write themselves. Threads drop midway in the web, and only the Heavenly Weaver can find or reunite them. We wait, and grow grey with waiting, for the word, the seeming accident, the trifle that may—or may never,—He knows—come into the monotony of our chilled existence, and alter it all for us; joining a living fibre once again, that may yet thrill with joy, to that we lost, far back in the old past, wherein it throbbed so keenly.

But you will know, now, as you see them so, while younger lives press forward to the front, and claim the fresher interest,—how it came to pass, that, years after, there were these two maiden sisters counting uneventful days in the old home at Hilbury.

All that most people knew was, that “there had been once, folks thought, a sort of kindness between Gabriel Hartshorne and Joanna Gayworthy, but it never came to anything; and after his father’s mind failed, and his mother died, he seemed to give up all thoughts of marrying, and just settled down to takin’ care of the old man and looking after the farm. As to Rebecca, she never *was* any way like other young people. She was a born saint, if the Lord ever made one.”

This hints to our reader the kind of life and character drawn in these volumes, and he will perceive how different they are from those flourishing and romantic complications, conventional sensationalism, which most of our English novelists encourage:—

Therefore, you need not expect, O devourer of high-flown and deep-laid romance, to find in these pages profound mysteries, diabolical contrivance, unheard-of wrongs, and a general crash of retribution and ecstasy at the end. Yet, in ever so simple a New England family, there may be privacies and secrets; there may be conflicting interests; the tempter may find a cranny wherethrough to whisper, beguiling souls, by mean motives, to questionable acts. “There is a great deal of human nature in the world,” and it isn’t all over the water, where there are lords and ladies, and manorial estates; for upwards of two centuries it has been growing in these New England hills, and bringing forth fruit after its kind. Besides, even among the granite, gold does gather; and the well-harvested results of two careful lives may present an aggregate at last not at all to be despised, even in its distribution according to a law which recognises no closer sonship in the first child than in the ninth.

We suspect the author of *The Gayworthys* to be a woman; perhaps the evidence is unmistakable—passages such as none but a feminine hand could have penned, a knowledge of the delicate casuistries, we may say coquettings, of women’s hearts, which if a man had written, he would not have rendered with the exquisite, and sensitive, and unmocking appreciation and sympathy with which they are rendered here. Moreover, the

women assuredly get the best of it. Say Gair is a glorious girl, noble and beautiful enough to set any young fellow's heart dancing at a dangerous pace, very natural withal; quite a heroine, and not so much so as to be—

A creature all too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food.

That Gershom, admirably and naturally as he is created and drawn, giving pith and wholeness to the story; a sort of character to be met with in any street, that Gershom—we say, we do not like a hard, barbaric type of character; a sort of fellow to break mothers' and grandfathers' hearts, and to fancy it is somebody else's fault; a flinty young atheist who repels many fine teachings given to him, represses many fine instincts within him, but worst of all, has the power to repress and cast off the fine and noble healthfulness of heart of his cousin, Say Gair. Perhaps nothing makes one more irate with a character than to see it brought beneath the visible influence of an almost Divine nobleness of nature and to be insensible to it, and to charge it in a way with working its miracles of sweetness through Beelzebub. The characters of the two stand in a fine, sharp, photographic contrast as they are together, having lost their way on the grand summits, passing over the "East Spur of Old Boarback." The scenery was of wild, bare, mountain magnificence; among the mysteries of cliff and chasm, and solid heights piled up, with unexplored ravines and pathless woods, the noble girl felt herself quietly and devoutly elevated; thought how grand and high the world was, how awful, with its hidden places and great mountains, waste land, and acres of wild, bare, untamable granite—"nobody's land but God's!" The vast sublimity of texts of Scripture flashed across the mind of the beautiful young Puritan girl. Over and over she kept saying them to herself with a nice perception:—"Say," said Gershom—

"Say! What are you thinking about?"

Say hesitated a second, and then answered.

"The strength of the hills.' I never knew what it was before."

"Well, what is it now?"

Gershom asked somewhat curiously. He had not caught the precise thread of her musing. She had not quoted all the words.

"The force that is holding all these rocks together, with such a might, and keeps them up in their terrible places, particle by particle, you know."

"Cohesion, yes; and gravitation."

"That's what it says in the philosophies. But, Gershom, what is cohesion?"

"You said, one of the forces of nature."

"But those are only names. Gershom, is it something living? *Is it God?*—working His work—right here, and everywhere?" Her voice lowered timidly and awfully.

"I don't know." The young man's answer was a little constrained.

Say was out of herself for the moment. She forgot to be ruled; the press of a high thought was upon her, that she would not have uttered without urging, that, being urged, must be uttered in full.

"'The strength of the hills is His also,'" she repeated, slowly. "It reminded me of that. And it seems to mean a living strength. Like ours, that is in us."

Gershom looked round in Say's face. It was turned away from him, and up toward the towering mass that lay beside and behind them, filling the whole north-western sky with its heights of gloom.

She was in earnest, then, and this was a real thought of hers. There was something curious about this child, with her bronze boots, and her "behaviour;" with her grown-up elegance, that he called frippery and sham; her refinements, that seemed to him, often, grapples as he was with realities, the flimsiest of affectations, beneath which nothing real and true could be.

* * * * *

But here was a sudden, spontaneous recognition of "something living." Something living in the dead rock; something living in the old words that sung their mountain psalm to the world three thousand years ago.

Against his will, there was something living touched in the sailor's soul. And against this came up the perplexity, the doubt of a hard life, among hard, suffering lives.

"The strength of the hills is a very pitiless strength." This is what he said to her, after that silent look, in answer.

There came a shadow and a questioning over the face that turned now and met his look with its own. She waited for more. She hardly understood.

"If you or I had fallen from the cliff among these rocks, what would their forces have done for us?"

"Crushed us." The words came with a low horror in their tone.

"Pitilessly. I said so."

"I don't know." Say spoke slowly in her turn, using his own words, pausing between the syllables.

"No; we don't know. The world is full of awful strength, and men run against it everywhere, like helpless things, and are crushed. If the rocks are pitiless, the sea seems worse. The rocks wait, but the sea rushes after you, and beats upon you, and fights for your life. Then think of all the waste places, where beasts and savages howl, and tear, and torture each other. And safe people, in quiet little villages, sit together in comfortable meeting-houses, dressed up to please each other, and talk about God! and think they understand something about him! Handfuls of people in little corners of the great world! And the wars, and the tempests, and the starvings and burnings,

and drownings and cursings are going on, all over it, at the self-same time!"

Say had no reply for this for an instant. It was too dreadful in its doubt and its darkness; too overwhelming with its outside force of truth.

"But," she said, presently, "God must be there. He is everywhere. You *believe* it, don't you, Gershom?"

"I suppose I do. I suppose I believe pretty much what other people do. But I can't settle everything by rule and line as they do. I don't *know* much; and I see terrible mysteries in the world."

Say sat, and thought silently. All at once she brightened.

"But these are mysteries of nature, and dangers of men's bodies. There's the soul; and God's soul is behind His strength, as men's are behind theirs."

"You'd better not talk to me, Say, about these things. I don't know altogether what I do think; and I've some thoughts you mightn't be the better of."

"O Gershie!" was on Say's lips to cry. But she had an instinctive knowledge that with the first symptom of personal feeling the talk would be over, and she could not have it end just so.

She was silent, but she did not stir. Gershom waited her movement, and she made none. She sat and looked still at the great mountain, with its hidden, living strength.

"It *must* be all right!" The words escaped her at length, half involuntarily.

"I wonder what you'd said about men's souls if you'd seen the things I have!" This came, an utterance almost as involuntary, out of Gershom's silent thinking.

Say sat still, and answered never a word. Silence draws sometimes more than speech.

"Grinding, and persecution, and treachery, and meanness, and every sin and shame that has a name, or is too bad for one!"

"You must have seen horrible things, Gershom," said Say, in a suppressed tone. "But haven't you seen *good* things sometimes, too? I *know* you have."

Here, again, there was more upon her lips that she dared not speak. His own brave, noble doings were quick in her mind, warm at heart; but Gershom would "pshaw!" if she breathed of these to him, and that would end everything at once with a cold revulsion.

"They were like light in a great darkness," said Gershom, moodily.

"But you say you have not lived at *home*. You have seen the hardest part of life."

"I've seen the largest part. And I've found out something about homes, and your good Christian people, too!" he added with the old, bitter sneer. "I tell you, it's a fine thing, and an easy thing, of a pleasant Sunday in a comfortable church, between a good breakfast and dinner, with every nerve at rest, to believe pretty things about God and religion. But what if you were hungry, and had no home? What if your bones were crushed, and you were lying in some hospital and nobody cared for you, and they only counted you 'a bed?' I've

seen men so,—shipmates. What if your whole life was nothing but one great pain?"

There was a hush again, till Say said, tremulously and humbly, speaking beyond herself and her little experience, surely that which was given her, for herself, and for that other soul also,—

"I don't know; unless I found that God was in the pain, too!"

"But suppose"—Gershom went on remorselessly now, swayed by his own bitter impulse of doubt born of the hard things he had seen and suffered—"suppose you'd been deceived, till you couldn't trust them that ought to be your best friends; suppose that you had never known more than three people that you could believe in, and suppose you'd known them cheated and ill-used till it was harder to think of for them, than for yourself; supposing you had seen all the rest of the world outwitting and hustling and chuckling over each other, like the devil's own children, till you were ready to hate the very sun for shining on such things;—where would you find God and goodness in all that?"

Say stood up suddenly before him. Instead of a direct answer, she gave, for all his questions, a single searching one that rang clear over the confusion that was in him.

"Gershom Vorse! do you think you are the *only* soul God has made capable of hating such things as these?"

Out of his very scorn he was answered.

He stood upon his feet too, then. He looked again in the glowing young face, that was almost angry in its bending upon him. It was better than if she had told him of his goodness, his bravery; she had charged him boldly with a haughty assumption in this noble hate of his; she had given him a weapon for his innate truth to grasp, against his own dark uncertainties. Something lighted and softened in his eyes as he looked upon her.

"That was a good word," he said, honestly, with a changed tone. "A good word for a last one. We'll let that be the end of it."

And the sermon Say preached to Gershom, "the good word," as he called it, is exactly what millions amongst us, such as he, want to hear; only, like him, they would not recognise the truth in the word, for this flinty young barbarian failed to see anything more than a soul of shallowness and affectation in his bright young cousin, and went very near, after his long years of suspicion, to the breaking her heart, and the withering her life. Of course, it is a piece of novelist's consistency and necessity that he becomes converted to Say, and that she accepts and marries him after all; but she deserved something better, and we could have been well content that Gershom should have received something more abiding in the shape of punishment than a broken leg. But the scene we have extracted will sufficiently show to our readers what kind of book we are introducing to their notice. There is not a touch of cant or

affectation in the whole volumes ; but the author has the freest and happiest way of letting the light fall upon texts of Scripture, in the course of conversations among her friends, by no forcing or wrenching, but by the simple principle of sweet evolution ; if we may say so, something like her description of "sweetmeats, and stories for children"—"brightest sugar tastes the sweetest when mixed with pretty colours," for "it takes a little essence of something to help the double refinements down," and "stories are truth essenced for children upon the like principle—white light, broken up into rainbows." Our author has a very happy art of breaking up the white light of life into rainbows ; she seems to have a great faith in the white light, and indeed where could the rainbow come from but from the white light shining upon a shower of tears ? We must leave our readers to make acquaintance with Rebecca Gayworthy for themselves—a perfect, saintly old maid at last ;—but perhaps, the reader will think, not so natural as Joanna. With all our high appreciation of the book, of course we feel, what all men will feel, that in a certain unjust kind of way, the author has a faculty of misunderstanding and underrating all masculine virtues ; but this is not extraordinary ; no woman ever succeeded yet in painting the portrait of a man ; or, to speak more reservedly, never with anything like the skill with which she has painted her own sex. True, we have in this work one picture of a woman with an utterly sophisticated conscience, otherwise we seem to be moving through a perfect cloud of cherubim ; and we have no exception to take to it ; they all leave a pleasant sense of reality and freshness behind them : even in Biddy Flynn, in the episode of the murder, and the trial of Blackmere—an episode which stands perhaps hardly within the structure of allowable art as it is altogether isolated from the story—and Huldah, who thinks that "if the stars have all got people in 'em like us, the Lord's got His hands full," and Prudence Vorse, and Wealthy Hoogs—what names the writer does give us from these New England villages !—these, and then especially those we have with more distinctness indicated, and Grace Lowder, the happy dressmaker, who satisfied Say, when her appetite had been pampered by the "sponge-cake" of social conventionality, with the plain "brown bread" of true, good, and homely believing and living. Said Say to her Aunt Joanna, when on a visit to the old farm :—

"I wish I had been born in the country, and always lived here," she said. "I think it would have made more of me. People's lives are real here, and everybody has one of their own."

Aunt Joanna lifted her eyebrows a little.

"And not in the city?" she said.

"Not half so much. For the most part, they seem to be trying to get into other people's lives. And then everybody makes up their minds to all sponge-cake," Say said, laughing. She had never forgotten that misdemeanour of her childhood. It had grown into a proverb of experience with her.

"And the sponge-cake don't go round?"

"No," said Say. "And, oh dear! I've been so hungry sometimes for plain brown bread."

Under the parable, Joanna knew very well what the child meant.

"It's my low taste, perhaps. Mother seems to think so; but I like nice people, too. Only there's a kind of common, comfortable, really-in-earnest living that I always wanted to know more about."

* * * * *

Say sat still a minute, her two hands on her lap, holding her work forgetfully; presently a smile crept up to her eyes, and she lifted them, smile and all, to Joanna, saying, with a quiet, quaint, little mischief of her own, "There's one little cupboard, though, where I do go and get a bit now and then."

Joanna waited.

"And, rich or poor, Grace Lowder has more in her than any girl I ever knew."

"Who is Grace Lowder?"

"She's a seamstress. I never go without my mother's knowledge, and most often it is about the work. But I carry her things sometimes,—fruit, and flowers, and books; and sit and read to her while she works. Mother doesn't object to that, it is different, it is charity. Grace Lowder is *quite* beneath me; she never need be invited, and meet other people, you know."

Joanna's lip curled a little, involuntarily. "How came you to know so much of her?" she said.

"She comes to St. James' Sunday-school. I never noticed her till one day Doctor Linslee brought her to our class. Her teacher was absent, and all her class except herself. We all stared a little, I suppose, as she came in. But I stared because I couldn't help it. Some of the girls looked at her in that hard, strange, astonished way they have, as if it were not quite certain what order of natural history she belonged to. But I thought I had never seen anything more lovely. She had on a soft woollen dress, of that purple gray, just like those grass blooms,"—Say glanced across at an old china vase upon a corner shelf, filled with graceful spears and tassels, among which peculiar, soft, gray-purple, feathery heads, in the perfection of their natural tint, were heaped conspicuously,—"*and her shawl was gray, with a narrow stripe of purple in the border; her bonnet, too, with a plain purple ribbon crossed upon it. But her face was so sweet. She is almost always pale, I know now; her skin is fine and clear as a rose leaf; but she was a little frightened at us all, and she had such a bright lovely colour! and when she lifted her eyes, they were purple gray, too, with long lashes. And her lips looked half sad and half happy, just*

dropped a little at the corners, and tucked away into dimples that showed with the least tremble. She was just like a picture. But she had a crutch, auntie; she was lame. And yet she was as graceful as she could be. She dropped down, somehow, into her seat, without any spread or rustle; and the gray dress fell round her like a cloud. Nothing she had on was new; but everything was as nice as new—without a speck. I think that is the thing; anybody can put on new clothes, and be spick-and-span; but everybody can't wear them, and wear them, and look as if they'd never been near any dirt.

"Well—that was the beginning of it. Her teacher was sick, and had to give up her class, and the scholars were divided round. Grace Lowder stayed with us. Miss Westburn went to see her, and found out all about her; and she spoke to some of us about her wishing for more work to do, sewing or dressmaking. Her mother had been a dressmaker, and had taught her the trade; but she had died a year before. Miss Westburn was married the next summer, and she gave her her wedding-dress to make. After that she had plenty of work, and mother has let me go to her. She works at people's houses when they wish it; but I don't wish it; I couldn't bear that, Aunt Joanna; Grace Lowder's little room is the pleasantest place I know in Selpot!

"She boards and lodges just where she did for years, while her mother lived. A nice comfortable widow woman keeps the house; she was very kind to her mother, Grace says; and Grace has nobody else in the world to go to. I asked her one day what she would do if Mrs. Hopeley died, or went away. She may go sometimes to live with one of her sons, who, she says, are 'likely men, both of 'em, and very forrard in their means;' but Grace only smiled, and said, there would always be a place for her in the world, as long as God kept her here; she was not afraid."

Aunt Joanna broke in here.

"And this is Selpot brown bread! I don't know what the fine wheat must be," said she.

"Tasteless enough, sometimes,—the heart all bolted out of it," said Say.

* * * * *

"Why, Say, it's brown bread to make your mouth water!"

"Down the street to the west—that narrow street, auntie, between the high, close houses—she has a *view*! She calls it so. The tops of a few green trees in some gardens in Front Street, a little sparkle of the bay, and a stripe of sky. And she watches every night for the sunset. One little scrap of a crimson cloud, perhaps, or the stripe of sky turned yellow, and shading up into blue between the chimney-tops. What would she say to look out here over the sea of little hills? Or to get at Cousin Wealthy's dairy window, and see down the mountain-side, out over the great pond?"

"You say she goes out to work at people's houses?" asked Joanna, rather irrelevantly, as it might seem, to the last sentences.

"When they want her, yes; but I think she likes her little room best."

"Would she come a hundred miles, think, if she could be paid for it?"

"Aunt Joanna! you don't mean"—

"I don't know as I do. But I feel exactly, just at this minute, as if I was going to have a monstrous deal of sewing to do, some time or other. Next summer perhaps."

Yes, decidedly, the women get the best of it; the author has only ventured on two or three men at all. Ned Blackmere is a thoroughly drawn character, as cynical and hard as Gershom Vorse; but there were motives for the cynicism in Blackmere's case which we do not very much appreciate in the young Gershom, who, although he had a grandfather loving him to idolatry, and prepared to bless and help him to any extent, in the first instance broke his grandfather's heart through sheer wilfulness, and then rushed out into stupid and sentimental tirades against the evil in all human nature in general, beginning by acquitting himself in particular; he committed the very common sin, as the writer truly says, of "overlooking the very good by contrast with which he judged the evil." In the night side of things he forgot the day which had been, or he believed that it was daylight only in one home and its few hearts; darkness was the stuff the rest of the world was made of. Blackmere, on the contrary, is one upon whom all the winds of circumstance seem to have been let loose. After the flight of every kind of trouble and disappointment around him, the wild, hardy seaman finds himself accused of murder, and we really feel very much with him when—

A clergyman came to see him, and spoke to him, solemnly, of his situation.

"Do you think I need you to come and tell me I'm in a fix?" said the sailor, curtly.

The good man, with the best intent, warned him against hardness of heart, and reminded him that he might shortly be sent to meet his God.

Ned Blackmere took the pipe out of his mouth. "I'd like to see that person. I'd have a word or two to say to Him, if I once found Him."

The words were blasphemous, perhaps; God's minister was shocked; it may be God saw deeper, and was more pitiful than angry.

The clergyman stood and uttered a prayer; he would say no more to this desperate sinner; he would only plead with Heaven for him.

Blackmere remained motionless and silent, holding the pipe in

his fingers that otherwise he would doubtless have replaced. When the petition was ended, he held out his hand.

"If you meant all that, I thank you; whether anybody heard it or not."

But Say converted even this tough piece of salt-sea-cable into a man, and a trusting, believing heart. We do not know whether her version of the doctrine of election would be very acceptable to Calvin, or Crisp, or Jonathan Edwards: but in the following way, after Blackmere's life, through the friendship of his brother cynic, Gershom Vorse, had begun again and passed on through better results,—when he happened, at Say's invitation, to visit the chapel of Hilbury, the village in which the farm of the Gayworthys stood, and found the kind of gospel presented to his ears producing rather a sense of inflammation and indignation than peace,—Say preached to him:—

He sat there in a sort of maze, as in a vision one might seem to see a world into which one had never been born.

He wondered if this were the real thing, and the great world outside, that tossed, and struggled, and endured, were a huge mistake. For twenty years he had never stumbled into a scene like this, and here were people to whom it was the soul of their whole lives. Why had God given this, and that? If He were, and if this were His ordained way of finding Him, why was it only possible in safe nooks, while the wild world was roaring without, and the danger of it to be dared by souls made hard and reckless to meet it, and the labour of it to be done by hands that had no time to lift themselves in prayer.

The sermon did not help him. After a little, he tried not to listen to it. Once he caught himself in the beginning of a breath that would have been a whistle instantly. It was so hard for him, with his vague, bewildered thoughts, and his habits of unconstraint, to remember the traditional sanctities of the place.

His dark features gathered themselves more than once into a heavy frown, as sentences of the preacher broke upon his musing, and forced a hearing. Only when his eyes fell upon Say they sometimes softened. She watched him when he was not looking, and tried to imagine what the secret consciousness behind that stern face might be like.

In the morning, Say joined herself to Blackmere again, and asked him to come into the churchyard. She would show him old grave-stones and curious inscriptions. She felt responsible for him, since she had brought him here, that he should not feel strange or dull.

They stood by graves inviolate for upwards of a century.

"They rest quiet enough—all of 'em," said the sailor. "Don't they?"

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"They rest quiet enough—all of 'em," said the sailor. "Don't they?"

"In the hope of a blessed resurrection," read Say, from a gravestone, in answer.

"'Asleep in Jesus,'" repeated Blackmere, standing before another. "Well, they seem sure enough about that, somehow. Seems to me, when there's so few to be privileged, it won't do to be too certain. How about them that never knew whether Jesus cared a hang for 'em or not?"

A shadow of contraction passed over Say's face at the reckless expression.

"I beg your pardon. I'm a rough fellow. I'd no business to come here at all."

"They have all been taught. We all know that He came to save us." Say answered his first words, now, as if they had been spoken in all reverence.

"Do we?" There was a curl of the lip, and a slight sarcasm in the tone.

The young girl looked pained.

"See here!" said Blackmere again; "you're not the sort of person for me to speak out to, so; and yet, somehow, I can't help it. I don't know why; but you've got me here, and now you make me talk. So if it isn't just the sort of talk, or the ways of thinking, that you've been used to, you must think what *I've* been used to, and overlook it. I've never had much good of preachers; and, till this blessed morning, I haven't set foot in a church for over twenty years. And what do they tell me when I do come? You heard it. That man stood up, and explained the Almighty's secret plans. He don't *mean* to save everybody. Now, I'm only a poor devil of a sailor, and, of course, I don't know; but if *I* came with a life-boat to a wreck, I'd make no such half job of it. I'd save every soul on board, or I'd go down trying."

Say's heart swelled. She could find nothing to say. She felt the fearfulness of this Heaven-arraigning; but she felt also the nobleness that Heaven itself had given.

"He's laid it all out, beforehand, and for ever. He's elected some to salvation, and some to damnation. I beg your pardon again; but that's the preacher's word; and the Bible word, too, it seems. And it's the word my life corresponds to. 'Tis easy to tell which watch I'm in."

"It's difficult to understand what they mean exactly by these doctrines," said Say, timidly. "I've never heard them much except in Hilbury. I think it was the hard, old way of taking Bible words. I couldn't help thinking some thoughts of my own, this morning, while Mr. Scarsley was preaching."

Blackmere went on again, when she paused; as following out his own reflections, almost unheeding her words.

"The damnation began when I was nothing better than a baby," he said, bitterly. "The curse came among us then, and it's gone on ever since; been piled down upon me heavier and heavier. Did you ever hear about my life, young lady?"

"I have heard of a great deal that you have suffered. I have heard of very noble things that you have done."

"I've been in prison, for a crime. I've got a halter round my neck this minute, or the brand of it. Did you know that?"

His tone grew sharp and fierce.

"I knew you were accused; and I knew you were proved innocent."

"No; not proved. They only couldn't make it out against me. Some of 'em believe it to this day."

"I don't think that. But it has been a hard thing. A hard thing given you to bear," she said, slowly, with a hidden meaning of consolation.

"A piece of the damnation. A thing to keep me down, and thrust me out. To make a vagabond of me, and clinch the sentence."

Say trembled, standing there, at the man's passion.

She had never had to teach. It was hard for her trying to guide, even ever so slightly, the current of a human thought upon these themes of life and death. There was the shrinking every young soul feels at unveiling its secret faith. She was far from taking it upon herself deliberately to admonish; to set this doubting and discouraged spirit right with God. She knew, oh! very little. She had seldom asked herself, even, what she truly did know or believe. Life had not put its sternest questions to her yet. But the thought of this man—hard, despairing, defiant, with the recklessness of one to whom the truth, whatever it might be to others, seemed only a relentless curse—this thought, this utterance, drew from her, irresistibly, her own; thus, in her first close scrutinising of it, in its first waking to a conscious strength, demanded of her instantly.

"I can't make it agree with what Jesus said himself," she said, with modest reverence. "'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, without your Father.' 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows.' 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

"It don't agree; but they're both alike in the Bible," returned the sailor, bluntly.

"'Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God,'" Say repeated, thoughtfully. It had been the morning's text. "It made me think—just his reading it, and the few first sentences he said before he came to the puzzling part—how comforting it was. That everybody should be 'elected' to their own particular life, and death, and all. Not forgotten, or let stumble into it by accident; but chosen. And I suppose the noblest souls—the dearest souls to God—might be chosen for the hardest. The best men in the ship are chosen for the hardest, aren't they, Mr. Blackmere?"

The sailor looked full at her, with a strange light creeping suddenly over his face—the light of a new, gracious thought, gleaming up across confused clouds of doubt. There was doubt there still, and hardness; but they were shone upon unawares.

"And the trust—the honour of it—makes it easy; don't it?"

Blackmere looked at her for two or three seconds before replying.

"If I could think a thing like that!" he exclaimed, at last. "I can stand taking the toughest, when somebody must take it; I'd never shirk a weather-earing; that's what I'm cut out for; but a fellow's spirit's broke by hazing!"

"He doesn't haze!" The young girl spoke it with an awe, a tenderness, an assurance. Blackmere stood gazing at her still, his own look melting.

"How the Bible verses come up and explain each other, when one begins to think," said Say. "'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'"

The words fell slow and musical from her lips. The soul of the hard, life-buffed man caught them to itself like pearls.

They had wandered to the oldest, most secluded part of the cemetery: Down the sunshiny slope above them came now Aunt Rebecca, looking for Say. The girl moved up to join her. Blackmere turned away abruptly, passing down where the far shaded extremity of the burial-place joined itself to the natural forest.

"I have had such a strange talk with Mr. Blackmere," said Say; and she tried to tell it over as they walked up toward the vestry door, at the back of the old meeting-house.

"Elected!" repeated Blackmere to himself, as he plunged along the rustling woodpath, unheeding whither. "That's a new way to take it; and a different one from yonder howling doctrine. I wonder if the girl's notion is right. If I thought the tough job had been set me by Him above, there, and He cared how I came out, I'd face it in a way that wouldn't shame the stuff He's made me of. I could put a heart into it. But it never looked that way to me afore; and how should *she* know? And yet, when the child riz up to meet me so, this morning, holding out her hand for mine, it seemed, somehow, I don't know why, as if she'd come with a gift in it!"

We must positively close the books for fear of being fascinated to more quotation, and we the rather feel guilty in having quoted so much, as we very well know the book will soon be in the possession of every reader. A more restful, helpful, healthful book, we don't know when we have read; and a satisfaction comes with the feeling of the rest from the knowledge that the author has not imposed upon herself the task of talking good with her eyes shut; she sees—no eyes more plainly see—the disagreeable people in the world and in the church—the Wilkinsons, who "grew fat on nails and flat irons twenty years ago," and who now continue; "the Simkinsons, who are doing the same thing to-day as fast as they can." She sees the great social distinction very plainly between all those families who sold their nails and flat irons, and soap and candles a generation or two ago, and who, therefore, constitute society and know each other, and those who are now in a nebulous state, preparing to roll forth a generation or two hence, full orb'd, into that radiant

sphere which the Wilkinsons occupy now. They are fools who do not see these things; everybody sees them, but with most they become so bitter a draught as to warp and distort, and to give a feeling like sea-sickness to all impressions of life. It is a difficult thing to see the littleness, the miserable narrowness, the subterfuges of conscience, the entire throttling, strangling, or ducking of conscience head-over-ears, going on in the world, and not to become either sick or trustless. Yet there are those—and they are wise—who have escaped this anthrophobia, which is the sceptic's and the worldling's great disease; who have attained to a wise knowledge of the ills of life and the falseness of life, and to a perception of the something better, which, like a good seed of the kingdom, is sometimes amazingly munificent in even the worst souls, and the high Divine purpose, which, like a great gulf-stream from eternity, flows through the ocean of sin and misery, and bears and drifts into itself humanity, with its wondrous variety of words, and works, and ways. This describes the character of this pleasant book, with its pure homely breath reviving in us recollections of old days in the country, or impressions of the sweetest pictures of dear old Dutch artists; its happy, sunny geniality shaded by the rim of knowledge, and sorrow, and suffering round all lives; its faith, like a high unquenchable star; its reverent application of some of the best texts from the Best of Books; its light and radiant conversations; its bold pictures of nature, in which nature is never separated from infinite invisible presences and purposes; its emancipation from the wearying conventionalism which palls and sickens upon us all, and now-a-days, when such books are more than ever a necessity, makes them more than ever an impossibility; in its own perfect roundness, and unity, and completeness—always a test of the measure of rest and unity to which an artist's nature has attained;—by all these signs we mark the presence of a book which will exercise power over the character of competent readers by the power of the character in it, and lead to the simple and grateful acknowledgment that one who can write thus is far higher than a mere author or artist—a great public benefactor, meeting minds and hearts in their stress and straits, and giving them words like bread in their strength, and like water in their refreshment. We only close with the hope that a writer so gifted will not peril her usefulness or excellence by becoming a mere servant of the booksellers, and writing too much. We can well afford to wait a few years now, if at the end we are to receive from the same pen a work of such a character and mark as *The Gayworthys*.

III.

A GLIMPSE OF UTOPIA.*

DO not be afraid, reader, this is no continuation of Sir Thomas More. I do not, myself, believe he ever saw the real and true Utopia. I suspect that he, like many another gifted dreamer, took a cloud for a continent, and pictured an impossible state. Of one thing I am very sure, nobody knows how to reach his Utopia, while to the land I have to describe there is an omnibus running as often as a passenger offers. As may easily be imagined, the returning passengers are too few to count for much.

The distance from England is great, and for some classes of travellers Utopia would have small attraction. The seeker of novelty in landscape may remain at home, for so far as natural features are concerned, England might be Utopia. The lover of costly gems of art, painting, sculpture, and the like, need not falter in his allegiance to Italy. Even the admirer of architecture may find things more to his mind in Normandy or in Greece. In costume, perhaps, we might obtain some useful hints; and undoubtedly the ladies in Utopia—

Ah! I beg pardon, and shall say no more on that matter: and since I have been interrupted, I shall merely say that only to those who feel that

The proper study for mankind is man,

could a trip to Utopia prove even a change of air.

To the student of human nature and the lover of human weal, on the contrary, the change is amazing and enchanting. What a difference to be sure! Serenity, cheerfulness, courtesy everywhere; and, as it were, floating round every human countenance, some strange and radiant halo of frank and clear good conscience. Nobody with a bee in his bonnet, nobody with a wasp in his heart, nobody fagged to death; of the crowds of careworn, toilsome, weary faces that haunt one here, not one memento. The very labourers in the fields not the mindless, hopeless, joyless boors that people, poor souls! some of England's loveliest scenes. In a word, no trace of worry or weariness, of over-work or disease; no deformity, no filth, no

* *The Five Books of Moses called the Pentateuch.*

rags, no servility, no brutality, no purse-proud vulgarity ; none, not even the shadow, of the every-day eye-sores and heart-sores of home.

I was fortunate enough at once to discover a Mentor. As I looked about me, my glance met that of an aged man, taking his ease in the ample porch of a house close to me. He was very old, if one might trust the tokens given by the snowy beard which rippled, glistening, down his bosom. But his eye was clear, and keen, and genial, and his cheek was fresh and healthy ; "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." And the house was right well suited to the man ; so comely in their old age were both of them. Delightfully pure and wholesome was that old house ; clean, one felt, from foundation to chimney-top ; and filled, too, with joyous life, for mingling with the sounds of hammer-strokes from a manly arm, and a snatch of sweet song in a womanly voice, was a gleeful uproar of children at play.

My heart swelled and thrilled with reverence and happiness while I gazed and listened. How the thing happened, I can hardly tell ; but, intending to greet the old man reverently, my emotions so overcame me that I caught myself making, not a cringe, nor a crouch, nor a clumsy bow, but a reverence that was almost a prostration. I started up, straight and stiff, and looked at the old man nervously, fearing that I should see a smile upon his face. There was a smile, it is true, but beyond mistake it was one of gracious and kindly welcome. Perceiving, I have no doubt, my state of confusion, he invited me to come and be seated on the opposite bench of the porch. My embarrassment gave way to perplexity, for he appeared to accept as his due the gesture of veneration I had made.

"Has anything occurred to annoy you?" at length he said. After a moment's hesitation, I told him frankly. He replied at once :—"Whether you acted intentionally or not, the gesture you made was the natural and usual one here of the young towards the old, and of all towards the king and the lords."

Imagine my consternation. "Do I hear aright? Are not all men in Utopia free and equal?" I exclaimed. He laughed openly and heartily ; but there was no derision in his mirth, and it was not painful ; it told me I was an ignoramus, but did not insult me as a fool.

"Free and equal ! no ; not here, nor anywhere in the universe. The thing is impossible. All are equal, it is true, before the law, if that is what you mean ; for you will find that the one peculiarity of Utopia is

GOOD LAW, HONESTLY ADMINISTERED, AND HONESTLY OBEYED.

"All here, great and small, obey; all think of DUTIES, few trouble about RIGHTS. I confess you will seldom hear any one say, 'I will do my duty;' that is understood; but you may be here for half-a-century before you hear one say, 'I will have my rights.' Law is heard of frequently, liberty almost never, save in connection with the slaves, as the opposite to bondage."

Here was a thunder-stroke! "Slaves! slaves in Utopia! I cannot discern, I cannot imagine, that you jest, but really now, father," said I, cooling down and beginning to stammer, for he was regarding me with mild wonder,—“really, slavery, you know, is a thing so heinously and flagrantly wrong, that, that—”

"Indeed, my son, I know no such thing," he answered, calmly; "but perhaps we do not mean the same thing by the term slavery. What do you understand by it?"

"Compulsory servitude," I replied, firmly. He nodded; "Yes, go on."

"Whipping, severe whipping."

"Well, that may happen, no doubt."

I felt myself getting stupid. What else had I to say about slavery? Oh, I have it! "The parting of man and wife, of parents and children," I cried triumphantly. To my dismay he only answered, "That is seldom necessary; but let it pass. Go on."

Ah! easy to say, "Go on." I beat my brains with great assiduity till I hunted out the climax of a sublime anti-slavery speech I had once listened to with profound admiration. This I now delivered solemnly and grandly, as befitted its overwhelming force and majesty.

"Man holding property in his fellow-man!"

He answered with perfect composure, "Quite so."

What could I say? O, Dr. Cheever, O, Mr. Ludlow, what is the thing that makes slavery so shocking? Alas, I could not remember; yet I could not give up the point, for I knew I was somewhat and somewhere in the right; but I could only add, rather faintly, "All because the poor fellow has a black skin."

The old man's frame seemed to dilate, his eye gleamed, and a thundering, angry "no!" made me jump in my seat.

"No," he continued more calmly; "no man is here, or anywhere ought to be, in bondage for such a reason. No one here is in slavery, save by his own fault, or by his own choice."

"Ah! I see what you mean," said I, much relieved. "We have penal servitude in England. It certainly is not regarded with much favour there at present; it is said to be, and I fear it is, cumbrous, costly, and inefficient. Some people think that it is not sufficiently painful to the criminal; others again think it too severe, and these last have succeeded in bringing in *tickets of leave*, in order to lighten its terrors." I was proceeding, for the subject had been rather a hobby with me, but he interrupted me with some impatience:—"A sorry set of blunderers you are in England, not to see the necessity of widely distinguishing *crimes against property* from *crimes against the person*. Atone-ment for crimes against property can only be made by *restitution or compensation*. What shocking nonsense to make a thief atone for a robbery by enduring a certain quantum of pain! Let him repair the damage he has done. Let him restore the thing he has stolen. Let him pay the value of what he has enjoyed or destroyed. Can anything be plainer?"

"Truly, it seems plain enough. But the criminal may not possess the means to make restitution. It would be a miserable percentage that our thieves could pay if required to make restitution."

"Exactly: and that is the most common cause of slavery here. If all that belongs to the thief prove too little for the necessary compensation, we put the man up to public auction, and the person who offers the sum which is deficient, in return for the fewest years of bond-labour, gets the man as his slave for the years he has paid for."

"How about the separation of the family then? I think you said that was not always necessary?"

"The criminal's wife, or child, or any person or persons that love him, may volunteer to share his bondage. In this case a jury determines to what extent the duration of the bondage of all shall be shortened, considering the number and efficiency of those who are to undergo it together."

"But how if no one offers the price demanded?"

"Then the state pays the price, and keeps the slave, using his labour on public works; but such a case rarely occurs. In general, the slave very readily finds an owner, willing to maintain him and those who are to share his bondage, and to pay the price required. Thus we have neither cost nor cumber in our penal servitude; and the sufferer being at once and to the full compensated, the atonement as to him is at once complete. You see the principle, I need not enter into more minute details. The man who eats the cake has to pay for it, either first or last. Labour is the price of possession; and this being

well understood, we find very few preferring to pay after, rather than before."

"I think I understand this; but you spoke a little ago of a wide distinction between crimes against property, and those against the person. Now sometimes the injury done to the person produces serious expense and loss. Do you take any notice of that?"

"Certainly we do. Before allowing the criminal to atone for the injury, the loss or expense occasioned by it is assessed by a jury, and must be made good by the offender. In every case in which blame, be it for negligence or for malice, is chargeable upon one who has injured the person of another, he has to make this atonement for pecuniary loss. But where the jury find that the injury has been wilfully and maliciously inflicted, a further atonement is exacted. I shrink from telling you, for you seem (pardon my plainness) so sentimental—I shrink from telling you how that further atonement is made. I must therefore prepare you for hearing me, by telling you that our plan is sanctioned by Divine authority, by most ancient and once universal consent, by reason and by conscience, and by most evident success. Shall I proceed?"

"Oh, pray go on," said I, recklessly; "I have been so upset already, that you can scarcely startle me now, except by telling me that you hang every such offender."

"The wilful murderer is hanged, certainly," he replied, "but no other criminal. Our remedy, not to tantalize you, is the natural and rational one, the *lex talionis*, pure and simple. The criminal receives in his own person, as nearly as possible, the injury he has inflicted. Oh, please now, don't protest! Compassion for a cruel ruffian is quite uncalled for."

"But—but," I exclaimed—for who could have been silent?—"he could not know the pain he was inflicting."

"Well, we teach him that; and teach him so that he remembers, to the day of his death, exactly what it was. I remember with lively satisfaction the last punishment of deliberate violence in this land. It occurred long ago. The person injured was the offender's wife, and his patrimony being sufficient for her maintenance, no slavery was necessary, and the atonement followed at once upon the crime. It was quite refreshing to see the abject and intense fear with which the offender viewed the avenger—the injured woman's kinsman—poising the bar and measuring the force necessary to break a couple of ribs. One could be very sure, that neither that fellow, nor any of his temper, would easily lose self-control again.

"One thing more observe, that in no case whatever, either in law or in fact, is there such a thing as *infamy* here. We are quite certain that we effect a cure; and thus, after due atonement, whatever the crime may have been, we neither allow nor entertain any contempt, dislike, or suspicion of the offender. He is, to all intents and purposes, as if he had never offended. Indeed, such persons are regarded with greater confidence than others who never knew what it was to make atonement."

"You spoke of the wilful murderer as being hanged. Now I don't like hanging."

"Nobody does," he interjected, smiling.

"I mean that I do not approve of hanging people. We may hang an innocent man, and even if we can secure the guilty one, I am sure hanging cannot mend him. And then it brutalizes the public to witness the execution."

"The mere description of our customs will show you the groundlessness of your objections. The public cannot be brutalized by witnessing an execution, because as soon as sentence is pronounced, the murderer is removed from the living, and reckoned a dead man. No infamy oppresses his family, remember; he atones for his crime, according to his Creator's will, by his death. Removed to the condemned cell, he is never heard of by the living any more. No one enters his cell, save the king's private chaplain; all purposes of removal and supply are provided for by mechanical means; he hears nothing but the Word of God, sees no one but the minister of God, and has nothing to do but to deal with God while his life lasts. He himself must confess his crime and consent to die; and even when he does so, the chaplain may stay the execution, till his mind is quite satisfied concerning the man's state before God. Then he sends for those who have been the responsible rulers of the murdered man and the murderer, the vicars of God to them; it is their duty to put within the reach of the criminal the means of death; and having done so, they bid him depart in peace. They witness and ascertain his death; they remove and bury the body; no one else knows of the event. To all the world besides, the man died when he left the bar."

"You seem to invest the chaplain with a very remarkable power."

"Power, do you say? It seems to me rather a horrid and terrible *duty*. But no matter; such is the way of atoning for wilful murder; but generations pass without one case of murder. Even where public morality was much lower than it

is here, an execution known to be carried out in any such fashion as I have described, would be felt to be appalling in terror. You will see that it is impossible that an innocent man should be executed; he may die in prison, it is true, being innocent; but unless he is proved to be innocent, and his sentence is reversed, in prison he must remain. He is not wronged; the judgment under which he suffers is God's work, as much as palsy or madness. It is an affliction, but not a wrong."

"The possibility of perjury suggests itself. How do you deal with that crime?"

"By the *lex talionis* to some extent. Whatever pecuniary loss has arisen from perjury, compensation is exacted. If bondage, pain, or death has been caused by perjury, these things are atoned for by suffering like for like; but then, perjury is an attempt to make God an accomplice, and law the instrument of crime; therefore, whether the perjury has done injury or not, the wretch must atone by another punishment, of which I will speak by-and-by. It will be better for us to finish the consideration of the two kinds of crimes which we have been talking of. Have you anything else to ask?"

"Yes. I want to know how the slaves stand in the eye of the law?"

"On precisely the same footing as other people, except in relation to their masters. The owner has a right to compel the slave to labour; he has purchased his labour at a high rate; if nothing but the whip will obtain the labour, he is free to use the whip at discretion. But he may not mangle, or maim, or brand the slave, so as to deface him for life; should he do so, the lord of the owner would at once set the slave free. The wilful murder of a slave is the murder of a man, and to be atoned for as such. But should a master strike a slave a blow, and death ensue, if the death does not occur within three days, this is not held to be wilful murder. No skill or caution could enable a man to deal a blow or blows which should kill three days after, and not sooner; and as it is presumed that the master has a reasonable regard to his own life, and also to his property, we cannot hold that the master meant murder. We reckon the event to have been death by misadventure, and demand no atonement. But yet, as the master purchased the labour, not the lives of his slaves, and he has taken more than his due, though unintentionally, from them, all who were held under the same sentence as the dead slave all at once free."

"I should think it must be very hard for the poor creatures, when set at liberty, to begin the world again."

"It would be, were not the master held bound to help them. There is no standard for the master's bounty; but public opinion secures a parting present, liberal according to the master's wealth. In no case can the slaves be turned adrift in destitution. It is never difficult for them to obtain employment; they are generally even preferred, as men trained to hard and thorough work, and to scrupulous integrity."

"But what of debtors? The principle on which you deal with the thief is very plain to me; but now, suppose a man to get into debt to a large amount, how is he to be treated? Do you reckon him criminal or unfortunate?"

"Society, the state, and the laws are much amiss if it is possible for a man to get into debt to an amount which he cannot liquidate. It ought not to be possible, under any ordinary circumstances, to get into debt. Debt may be contracted by borrowing, or by buying on credit, or by loss or waste of trust funds. Now, with us, the only way in which money can be borrowed for any lengthened period, is by depositing security. Where no security has been given, the creditor must sue for payment within thirty days, or he loses all legal remedy. The same rule holds as to purchases made upon credit. Not the most thoughtless of men, therefore, can stumble deeply into debt without knowing it. Besides, the things he can deposit as security are too limited to allow such a man to fool away his patrimony. The estate, in town or country, which a man has inherited from his parents, he cannot alienate; he is not allowed to mortgage it, nor to sell it, unless he and all dependent on him are about to emigrate. The estate is not supposed to belong to him, but to the family he represents; he is trustee for it, and must leave the estate in as good a condition as that in which he received it. Only something that he has acquired by his own industry or thrift can he tender as security. And, lastly, no one can gain by lending money; in no case is interest allowed to be given or received."

"Alas, then, for moneyed men! If they hoard, they might as well be poor; if they lend on security, they cannot gain much; and if they sell on credit, or lend from pure good nature, to have to sue within a month, or risk the loss of all, appears hard measure."

"You need not waste your pity on men with too much money. As a man's estate descends inalienably to his posterity, he may win the gratitude of his children's children by beautifying or improving it. Or, he may employ his money, with the blessing of God and man, on churches, hospitals, roads, and

bridges; all most honourable, if not profitable, investments. But if a man desire or need to make his money return some profit, he may either engage in commerce, or invest in joint-stock companies, which the law of *limited liability* makes tolerably safe. In joint-stock undertakings, it is true, the capitalist must be somewhat at the mercy of the agents or active partners: but then these are reckoned trustees, responsible for the funds managed by them, and should they lose these, they must prove their own innocence in connection with the loss, or atone as robbers. Thus, no man is here tempted to make money his god, and it would be hard to find anyone complaining of the difficulty of making money."

"You said that a man's heritage descends inalienably to his children. I do not understand. Is the estate divided among all the children, or how?"

"The law of primogeniture holds here in the fullest sense, only the second son inherits from his mother if she should be an heiress. If there is only one son, and two heritages, a daughter may inherit from the mother; if there be no son, the daughters can inherit; if there are no children, the property comes to the king."

"That law of primogeniture seems to me unjust."

"How? By what standard of justice do you measure?"

"I scarcely know," I answered, after a thoughtful pause. "But it does strike me, somehow, that it is hard, if not unjust, for all the children to be left destitute, one excepted, who gets all the property on account, not of personal merit, but of mere priority of birth."

"You take away my breath by such a wonderful bundle of blunders. Pray consider what you have said. To take the last thing first; why should you undervalue that one sole honour and dignity which comes pure and undefiled from our Creator, even priority of birth? Next, personal merit, what is that? Deduct what a man has received from God of excellence in physical, mental, and moral constitution, and what he has had of advantage above others in education, companions, circumstances, and the grace of God—for all these, remember, are debts not credits, they are trusts to be accounted for, not merits to be filed in account—deduct all these, or require proportionate fruit, and call the residue merit, if you like: can you, or anyone, measure that merit? Then, again, suppose a man to have excelled his compeers, through God's kind gift to him of health, or talents, or gallant and generous heart; is the man to have everything? Will you grumble that he does not get wealth too? For shame; let the poor fellows who have neither beauty,

health, brains, nor heart to brag of, let them have the wealth, and our generous good wishes along with it. Again, you talk as if wealth were the one thing needful to make one happy. It is not so. Poverty, it is true, makes one unhappy enough; but to make one happy, health, a good conscience, and hard work in a lawful calling, are far more effectual than wealth: and all these are within most men's reach. Again, no man can be destitute who has a pair of hands and a trade; and here every boy, not an imbecile, must be master of some trade or profession before we recognise him as a man. If he should live for a century, if he were the heir apparent to the throne, he is reckoned an infant till he has learned how he could maintain his family. Then, last of all, with us the son who takes his father's estate undertakes all the father's liabilities. The widow and the unmarried daughters have the same claim on him that they had on his father; and so also any son incapable, from infancy, imbecility, or disease, of maintaining himself. The father, besides, was, and the heir becomes, the advocate, patron, and avenger of the family. Thus it happens that the heir is generally the least envied, if the most honoured, of all the children."

"I must own that you have put the matter in a light wholly new to me. I must take time to think over what you have said, however; but in the meantime let me ask whether you do not allow men to leave any of their property to others by will?"

"A man has a right to give that which he has acquired for himself; *that* he can give, or bequeath to others; what he inherits, however, he cannot give or diminish in the least; it belongs to the family of which he is representative and trustee. No man can here be deluded into, or excused in, idleness, through his *expectations*."

"I want to know what the younger sons do. Heritages cannot be sold, you say; if so, they cannot be purchased; and then I cannot imagine how the younger sons are to establish themselves in the land."

"No one expects or wishes them to do so. The earth is wide, but this land is not; and we esteem it to be the duty of the great majority of younger sons to marry and emigrate. The great use made of the public revenue is the support and organization of emigration. But that is too large a subject to enter on, I fear."

"If it does not fatigue you to talk so much, I shall listen with great interest."

"I am not at all fatigued, but have great pleasure in speaking

to an interested listener. *Colonization* is the duty of the state. The council of state charges itself with the cost and care of making complete and minute surveys of unoccupied lands, or lands merely roamed over by savages, throughout the world. Records are kept of all the spots which promise well as the first homes of colonists. Of these spots one is selected every tenth year as a new colony, and a register is immediately opened to receive the names of persons intending to emigrate. The emigrants elect their chief and subordinate rulers, and are guided by the council of state in all the preparations for their expedition. But when there is a son or nephew of the sovereign willing to emigrate, he receives the intending emigrants as volunteers. In this case, only the subordinate rulers, his council, are elected by their comrades. When all is ready they depart, solemnly commended in every church in the land to the care of God, to their new home, and are thenceforth an independent and allied community, like their mother country. There is indeed a constant emigration going on to the older colonies, and a free passage is given to those who prefer to settle in them; but the new colonies generally receive the preference."

"All this seems promising, but this can only be done at an immense expense. You must have a very deep and well-filled national purse, to bear such dips into it."

"Do you happen to know what it costs England to allow her legions of paupers and criminals to rot? Not to allude to the frightful expenditure on intoxicating drink, your paupers and criminals cost you every year about thirteen millions sterling! Now our criminals cost us next to nothing; and our hospitals, built and supported by voluntary contribution, are amply sufficient for our few helpless poor. Our judges are men chosen by the council of state, the wisest men that can be found, in any profession, in any rank of life. If any of these should not be able to maintain himself creditably, he is supported by the state like the other ministers of God, civil and ecclesiastical; but few judges need or wish to claim support from the state funds. Our laws are few; we depend on a few broad and simple principles of judgment, applied to every particular case by the judge, with the aid of a jury. Thus, we no more expect or wish a special training for the judge than we do for the jury. Our executive, as such, costs the state nothing. The king and the lords of council are all well able to support themselves, their offices being hereditary, every patrimony being inalienable, and debt being next to impossible. The rulers in the towns are indeed elected, being the heads of crafts therein; if any of these should be or become poor he is supported by the state, as a minister of God, as the

clergy are. They are God's ministers and our superiors. There is very little expenditure, therefore, of state funds, except in connection with colonization."

"Have you no army, then?"

"A magnificent army for defence; all able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen and forty-five are under constant drill. Almost every man you see is a trained soldier. But you may understand that such an army costs us nothing. We have a splendid naval force also, but as the chief employment of it is in connection with the colonies, the support of it is included in the expenditure upon these, of which, indeed, the fleet and the surveys form the largest items. Well, then, for all our expenditure, the funds of the state are ample. Every citizen pays one tenth of his free income: that is, deducting such outlays as are necessary to his obtaining an income, the cost of tools, &c., of all that remains he pays one tenth, weekly, or monthly, or yearly, as he chooses."

"Why, this is the most surprising thing I have heard from you! Thousands of our tax-payers would be puzzled to discover what is a tenth of their income."

"Habit would soon make the calculation easy, especially if this were aided by the adoption of a decimal currency. The *unit* might be your florin, or rupee; only count to this twenty-five pence instead of twenty-four, and you might leave your farthing (a cent then) your shilling (or fifty-cent piece) and your sovereign (or ten florins, or twenty shillings, or one thousand cents.). This by the way. To continue: this national tithe is our sole and ample revenue; the use we think should be made of it is to foster, and, where needful, to supplement, private effort in every good cause. From it, completing and assisting voluntary contributions, our churches are built and kept in repair; one church for every thousand souls. From this, the ministers of God, in church and state, receive what they need for their comfortable and honest maintenance. The ecclesiastical ministers of God, the parish clergymen, are required to have sufficient knowledge of law and of medicine to enable them to act as the ordinary advisers of their people in both these departments. Prisons, hospitals for friendless old people and the diseased poor, for imbeciles, and lunatics, and for incurables—all these are entitled to aid from the national funds. The demands of all these are not heavy. All are easily provided for by the tithe."

"But what an army of tax-gatherers you must have! and how odious their inquisitorial investigations must be!"

"We have not one tax-gatherer in the pay of the state. The

tithes are received first by the parish registrars, the school-masters; from them they are passed on to the registrars of counties, or of cities, as the case may be; from them they are transmitted direct to the exchequer, and we have no inquisitorial investigations. We rely on the conscience of men; a rogue might cheat with ease. We can better afford to bear the loss than he can afford to pocket his gain. He would very probably, sometime or other, be detected; and if a jury should decide that he had been knowingly and wilfully defrauding the revenue, he would have to pay double the amount at which the jury fix his proper tithe; and then we should punish him as a nuisance to God and man. But you are certainly tired out with this long talk."

"My head has certainly got more new notions into it than it can comfortably accommodate, till they get shaken into their places. I *am* tired, I own; but your last words violently excited my curiosity. To 'punish as a nuisance to God and man,' what an odd phrase! What may it mean?"

"I will tell you presently. But to take things in order, I ought to notice a third class of offences, those against chastity. Shall I proceed?"

"I wish you would. It is a frightful and odious subject, but certainly both humanity and conscience demand that this class of offences be legislated for: go on, therefore. If anything you say should help to abolish such crimes among us, millions will bless God."

"Remember then how the two first classes of offences are atoned for. Crimes against the person by the *lex talionis*; crimes against property by restitution or full compensation; crimes against both by both atonements. Now in this third class of offences, the children born from such offences are the persons to whom atonement requires to be made; because chiefly to secure to children an honourable name, due support, and good education, was marriage instituted. Well, if both the offending parents are unmarried persons, the birth of their child is held sufficient of itself to prove them married. No ceremony is allowed by way of marriage, lest the choice of one another which they have made before all-seeing God should be esteemed as *not* marriage. The parents are registered as married persons, and their child as legitimate, and nothing more is said or done. If the father is a married man, his marriage to his first wife is held to be dissolved as by death; and whether he be lord or labourer, he leaves to his heir his heritage, and his name being blotted out from the register of his own family, he is registered as the husband of the mother of his child. To the house of this

wife he carries nothing but his daily raiment. So also if the offending woman is a married person; she is blotted from her former register, and registered as the wife of him to whom she has united herself, and to him she carries nothing but her apparel. We do not hold or countenance the holding of them as infamous; we know that the fruit of their sin will be sufficiently bitter and long-lasting, and to that we leave them. Only the few poor children whose fathers cannot be discovered are registered as illegitimate. Of more heinous offences against chastity the penalty would be civil death and banishment from the land for ever. But they are unheard of.

"Now I can take up the fourth and last class of offences, public nuisances. I have already mentioned two examples, the cases of perjured persons, and defrauders of the revenue. This class, however, is a very large one; it includes all offences which do not fall clearly under one of the other three; all offences against public health, morality, or worship. Infamous women, obstinate idlers, and all who harbour these; traders in intoxicating drink or in poison (both which are medicines, and are only allowed to be held in stock, or dispensed by the medical officers of the nation, the parish clergy); disturbers of the peace; slanderers; disobedient children; filthy people—and such like; all these we treat, to the great comfort of the indignant public, with a public whipping. Forty stripes, save one; enough, and not too much; a simple and effectual cure, preventive and remedial. We repeat the process, should the offence be repeated, three times; a fourth offence proves the offender incurable, and we banish him. Have I now satisfied your curiosity?"

"Thanks sincere and earnest; one question more which occurs to me, I wish to ask. How can your clergy attend to the sick people as doctors and fulfil their proper duties too? I can easily understand that their legal labours must be very light."

"So are their medical duties. Remember that a parish never contains above one thousand souls, and also that we have no unhealthy homes here, and no professions directly injurious to life or health. Any resulting inconvenience we choose to endure, rather than allow disease and death to be manufactured in our midst. The thing is murder, and we do not allow it."

"How can you help it? The Editor of the *Builder* has headed a crusade, for many a year, against the unhealthy homes in London, but nobody can find out what to do. No doubt there are some filthy people who would turn a palace into a pig-sty in a brief space of time; and you say you cure

such people by a whipping. But I know that there are houses which no care can make healthy. How to deal with these?"

"Pull them down, to be sure. Causing filth is breeding disease, and breeding disease is murder. We spare nothing of the sort under any pretence, or on any terms. When a jury, summoned by the parish minister, declares a house unfit for human habitation, the inhabitants are at once warned to remove, and the owner warned to amend what is amiss. But if no patching can cure what is amiss—if, for example, the house be incurably damp, or incapable of perfect drainage, or be so situated as to have insufficient sunshine or ventilation—it is at once razed to the ground. The poorest shed in which men are to live, must be dry, well-drained, well-lighted, well-ventilated. **MUST BE.** We will punish the tenants who keep a good house filthy, we pull down the house that never can be healthy. Not only so, but every man must provide accommodation for his family such as morality and decency require; at least one bedroom for himself and his wife, one for the young males and another for the unmarried females of his family, and another room for living in. Should any man complain that he cannot afford this, we make a slave of him, and thus provide the necessary accommodation. If he cannot afford to his family what morality and decency demand, we are sure we cannot afford to have children growing up such as you find them in swarms in England. Just consider the horrors disclosed by the statistics of infanticide in England. One of the men best able to speak on this, Dr. Lankester, says, 'This subject ought to receive more attention, so as to wipe out the stain which at present exists, that one fiftieth of the women of London have committed infanticide!' (See the *Standard* of July 21st, 1864.) Talk of Moloch! talk of Herod! A continuous massacre of poor little babies like that, in a Christian country too, had never scarcely a parallel in this miserable earth."

I could talk no longer. My Mentor faded from my sight in my tears of shame, and grief, and terror. I had heard enough for that time.

Should any of my readers wish to examine Utopia for themselves, the omnibus, the Pentateuch, will take them as it took me; and it will be their own fault if they are not able to discover during their journey the model state, planned by the all-wise God. The details may not in every point suit for a modern state, but the grand principles of legislation will adapt themselves to all the exigencies of any age.

IV.

THE JEOPARDY OF JAMAICA.

THE social, moral, and religious condition of the people stands so intimately connected with the material welfare of a country, that the causes of the present depressed condition of Jamaica would be but imperfectly understood were not some reference made to it. It must be admitted that such a subject is one of more than ordinary delicacy and difficulty, and one on which so great a diversity of opinions has been set forth, that nothing but a deep conviction of its importance could justify the expression of any decided opinion upon it.

One of the causes why the moral and religious state of the people has been a source of so much perplexity to those living at a distance from the island, has been the partial and one-sided representations that have been presented — one party exhibiting the negroes as the incarnation of every virtue, and the other as being hopelessly debased and corrupt: they are neither the one nor the other; that there are many of them of excellent character, moral, industrious, and, to the extent of their knowledge, sincere and devout Christians, candour compels us to admit; and did they constitute a majority, or even a large proportion of the population, there would be ground for the most sanguine hope of future prosperity. But such is not the case; by far the greater proportion are ignorant, immoral, and debased, and the declining condition of the various religious bodies, together with the rapid increase of crime, afford sad but convincing evidence that their tendency is still downwards.

In writing of the moral and religious condition of the emancipated people of Jamaica, it is necessary, to a correct understanding of the question, that the reader should be acquainted not only with the low and degraded condition of the negro during the period of slavery, but also with the general tone of morality which prevailed in almost every class of society in the island. It is a melancholy fact, that immigration to slave colonies has always been, in the great majority of cases, deteriorating to the character of Europeans. Hundreds of young men from England and Scotland, who had been educated by religious parents in the strictest morality, and accustomed from childhood to the observance of religious duties, have no sooner reached Jamaica than all the precepts and examples of their

early life have been forgotten, and they have soon sunk into all the debasement and intoxication which the customs of the country rendered it so difficult to resist, and which the almost unlimited power of the white man over the slaves gave him so free and unrestrained an opportunity of indulging. So universal had this become, that it was a very rare circumstance to see a planter a married man. Concubinage prevailed throughout the island, whilst the claims of morality and religion were almost universally ignored. It will be readily perceived that, surrounded by such examples, there was little externally to elevate the lower classes, whilst the low and degraded condition in which they lived, and the ignorance in which they were so rigidly kept, forbade their aspiring to anything beyond the merest supply of their natural wants, and the gratification of their passions. These facts must be borne in mind in order that a just estimate may be formed of their present condition, and of the effects which the Act of Emancipation, together with the extensive means employed by philanthropists, and the various Missionary Societies, have produced in raising them in intelligence, morality, and religion. That these efforts have not been altogether without beneficial results, must be admitted by all acquainted with the former and present condition of the labouring classes; but that they have not been so successful as was expected, or as twenty-five years ago it appeared likely they would be, is also a fact that cannot be contradicted.

During the period of apprenticeship, a strong religious feeling manifested itself amongst the people, the chapels were crowded, and multitudes united themselves to the various dissenting churches. Schools were also established in great numbers, and were largely attended by the children, and even adults, in very numerous instances, evinced a desire to learn to read, and acquire such general knowledge as might qualify them for that freedom which was so soon to open upon them. Such symptoms as these could not but excite, and seemed to justify, the most sanguine expectations that the negroes, about to emerge from a condition of slavery to the enjoyment of perfect freedom, and all the rights and privileges of British subjects, would act worthy of their improved condition, and present such an example of industry, order, and moral elevation, as should for ever silence the advocates for negro slavery, and operate powerfully in bringing about the universal abolition of that system in all civilized states. Nor did the first years of freedom tend to lessen this confidence, but, on the contrary, to give it a still greater assurance of perfect realization. The peaceful and orderly manner in which the day of emancipation passed

over, so contrary to the alarming presages many had made of the riot and confusion that would distinguish its advent; the readiness of the people to resume work on their old properties for fair and reasonable wages; the peaceful and good conduct of the people in all parts of the island, although exposed to very many provocations, and, above all, their increased observance of religious duties, and liberal subscriptions for the erection of new chapels, or the enlargement of those already built, as well as the formation of new schools, gave to the future a brightness of promise which none but those who witnessed it could fully realize; whilst the multitudes of marriages, many of them by persons who had been long living in concubinage and had grown-up families, afforded evidence that their appreciation of the obligations of morality was keeping pace with their religious enthusiasm. And when, in addition to these, we remark on their anxiety to obtain lands and homesteads of their own, it appeared that, before many years should elapse, they would not only become a religious, intelligent, and orderly community, but in many instances a wealthy, and in all a happy and well-to-do people.

Can it be said with truthfulness that these cherished expectations have been realized? In many individual cases they have, but with the great majority truth also compels the sorrowful confession that they have not. During the past year, the Baptist missionaries in Jamaica celebrated the jubilee of their mission in that island, and at their public meetings drew glowing pictures of the state of things there, as compared with the condition of the people fifty years ago; it was observable, however, that the improvements related rather to the privileges which were enjoyed, and advantages possessed, by the people, than to the improvement which they had made of them. But supposing all that was said were strictly and fully sustained by facts, it would afford but little evidence of the real state of the people. Had those ministers and gentlemen drawn another picture, contrasting the present moral and religious condition of the island with what it was twenty-five years ago, the aspect would have been altogether changed, and instead of presenting an occasion for exultation, would have been a subject for mourning, lamentation, and woe. The fact is that since about 1844 the interests of religion have been gradually declining. At first this was so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, and therefore attracted but little observation; but as it progressed it has increased in its momentum, until now the fact is so marked and undeniable, as to have occasioned no little alarm to those who have been so long and actively interested

in the well-being of the African race, and the future existence of religious institutions in the island.

It must be admitted that these facts present themselves in various degrees in different parts of the colony, and in different denominations of Christians; but that they exist throughout the land, and in all the churches, to a greater or lesser degree, no one who is acquainted with the present and former condition of things can truthfully deny. Places of worship once crowded are now but indifferently and fitfully attended, whilst not a few are comparatively deserted; a spirit of listlessness and indifference prevails where, before, so much deep interest and earnest zeal apparently existed, and an impatience of Christian order and discipline is evident whenever they are attempted to be enforced. Formerly, too, the negro population was remarkable for the liberality with which it contributed to the various religious institutions and the schools connected with them; all this has given place to a parsimony which has greatly crippled their action, and in many places altogether destroyed it. Schools have been closed for want of means to carry them on, many chapels have fallen into decay, whilst missionaries have been compelled to resort to secular occupations in order to eke out their scanty support, and several have been obliged to return to England, not being able any longer to maintain their families in Jamaica.

Amongst the various missionary efforts that have been made in the island, there are none which have occupied so conspicuous a position, or engrossed so large a share of public attention, as those of the Baptist Missionary Society. During the apprenticeship, and in the early days of freedom, no society was so distinguished for the extraordinary success that attended the labours of its agents; they seemed to be the idols of the people, who flocked by thousands to their ministry, and united themselves to their communion. In many towns large chapels were erected, and in almost every village, as well as scattered throughout the country, their places of worship were established and well attended, whilst baptisms of hundreds of people were things of frequent occurrence.

It is a remarkable fact, that as formerly no denomination of Christians in the island enjoyed so large a share of prosperity, there is none that, for the last few years, has suffered so severely, or is at the present time so completely distressed; indeed, to such an extent has this proceeded, that as their former rapid strides and wide-spread influence led men to think that they would ultimately absorb almost the entire population, their present condition suggests the fear that unless prompt and

vigorous action be taken by the parent Society in England, they will, as a recognised and orderly body, in a few years become entirely extinct.

The general decay of religion throughout the island, and the remarkable vicissitudes which have distinguished the Baptist Mission in particular, are subjects which deserve such careful attention from all who are interested in the moral and religious welfare of the people of Jamaica, that a few thoughts on the causes which have wrought so painful a state of things may not be impertinent to this paper.

However difficult it may appear to those who are far removed from the scene of action, and have little or no personal acquaintance with the labouring classes of Jamaica, to solve the problem of the rapid growth of religious feeling amongst them, and its almost equally speedy decline, no such difficulty exists with those who have long resided in the country and are acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of the negro, especially those who have carefully watched the progress of events for the last thirty years.

Religion, although in its essence it is always and everywhere the same, differs very greatly in its manifestations in different individuals. In the cold and phlegmatic natures of the peoples of northern countries, it is generally slow in its development, and calm in its exhibition, whilst it is remarkable for its persevering continuance, and steadily advancing growth. On the contrary, in the ardent, impassioned, and excitable constitution of the African, it is embraced with avidity and pursued with enthusiasm; but it is short-lived, and soon passes into indifference, or is wholly cast aside. This, to a considerable degree, accounts for the former prosperity and present decline of religion in Jamaica. The fact is, that (making allowance for many honourable exceptions) Christianity in Jamaica never was a principle founded on intelligent and deep conviction; it was an emotion awakened by many concurring circumstances; a religious excitement and enthusiasm, which, for a time, overmastered every other feeling and produced most extraordinary effects; but it was not in the nature of things that such a condition of excitement could be of long continuance; the very facility with which it was adopted was the certain pledge of its speedy decay, for it was natural that a material which could be so easily moulded would soon lose the impression it had taken; and it is as true generally in mental as in physical phenomena, that in proportion to the strength of the fever will be the degree of the collapse and the measure of the prostration. In Jamaica, the religious excitement was of the highest degree; we

must not wonder, then, that its reaction should have produced a corresponding decline. To adopt the language of the learned Dr. Lightfoot, used on another occasion, "Their reception of "the Gospel was not built on a deeply-rooted conviction of its "truth, or a genuine appreciation of its spiritual power." The seed was good, but it was sown amongst stones, and although it soon sprang up, it speedily withered and died, because there was no root in it.

But there have been other causes which operated in effecting the early success of missionary efforts in Jamaica, and which now tend to their decay. Not only had the Gospel, when first brought to the negroes, the charm of novelty to render it attractive, but it also possessed other advantages and recommendations of a more worldly and personal character. The missionaries were the first in Jamaica to openly recognise the manhood and brotherhood of the negro; formerly he had been kept at an awful distance from the white man, and regarded as a being of a different and inferior order. How, then, must it have affected these poor, and then proscribed and oppressed people, to see a minister of religion, and he, too, an Englishman, taking an interest in their welfare and happiness, holding out to them the hand, and thus in some measure recognising their equality,—how must it have won their affection and confidence to see that minister entering into all their interests, sympathising with all their oppressions and sorrows, and ministering to their consolation and aid, in times of sickness and suffering. Nor were other advantages wanting to secure the affection and confidence of the people. They well knew that the missionaries were generally the friends of freedom and haters of slavery; they knew also that they were powerfully backed by influential societies and public sympathy in England, and imagined that they also possessed great influence with the British Government, and they believed that all this influence and power were being exerted in order to obtain their deliverance from slavery.

It is no wonder, then, that with such recommendations as these the negroes hailed the missionaries with joy, and eagerly sought to unite themselves with their churches, whilst their class-meetings, and Sunday gatherings of hundreds or thousands from the surrounding estates, were so well suited to gratify their gregarious dispositions as to constitute another, and by no means uninfluential, charm to attract them to the churches and religious services. And thus thousands were led to adopt a profession of Christianity who, there is reason to believe, never comprehended its true nature, nor felt its power,—not that they were wilful hypocrites, making a profession of religion which

they knew to be false. No, they were rather self-deceived than deceivers. They had been attracted by the personal kindnesses and sympathy of the missionaries; they recognised the great temporal advantages they obtained by being associated with them, and felt the full force of that hope of freedom which ever loomed before their vision, whilst they were gratified with the excitement of the Sunday gatherings and religious services. And they, in their simplicity and ignorance, imagined that they were therefore under religious influences, when, in the majority of cases, there is reason to fear that they knew little or nothing of true religion, but were chiefly influenced by the temporal benefits which it brought, and the worldly advantages which it opened before them.

If this estimate of their natural character and governing motives be correct, then there will be no difficulty in ascertaining the chief causes of the peculiar and distinguished success that attended the early ministry of the Baptist missionaries as distinct from any other denomination. That mission, from its commencement, devoted its attention almost exclusively to the negro population, whilst the very decided anti-slavery proclivities of its agents, and their entire sympathy with the black people, were generally known and acknowledged. This was openly avowed when, after the insurrection of 1831-2, Messrs. Knibb and Burchell visited England, and the Society, through them, was induced to assume a position of avowed and decided hostility to slavery, and to avow its determination never to relax its efforts until it should be entirely and for ever abolished. Doubtless other missionary societies sympathised in that noble resolve, but if so, they kept their good intentions to themselves, for no other ventured to assume the decided stand that was taken by the Baptist Missionary Society. It was, indeed, a perilous position, and brought down no little odium; but it proved successful, and covered the Society with honour. No wonder, then, that after the Bill of Emancipation had passed the British Parliament, and the missionaries returned to the island, that the general feeling in their favour should attain to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, that the people should flock in still greater multitudes around them, and that a large accession of new missionaries should be required to meet the wants of thousands eager for their services.

In considering the great success of the Baptist missionaries, the memorable history of the four years' apprenticeship also must not be forgotten. Openly recognised as the friends of the people, occasions soon arose in which they were called to act as their protectors. Their faces were familiar in the courts of

justice, acting as the advocates and defenders of the negroes; acts of cruelty or injustice were by them brought under the notice of the Governor, or forwarded to the Colonial Office, or published in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* until they became a terror to those who sought to abuse their short lease of power, whilst magistrates who had misused the authority reposed in them were represented to the Government, several removed from the commission of the peace, and others rebuked and admonished; indeed, through their diligence many abuses were rectified or removed, and it may be safely affirmed that it was owing principally to their exertions that, in 1838, the system of apprenticeship was so suddenly brought to a close, two years before the period originally contemplated, and the liberties of the negroes were perfected.

Was it not reasonable that, apart from all religious considerations, the enfranchised people should gather round a set of men who, in addition to the sanctity of their characters, embodied so many attractions of a purely secular nature and temporal description?

But if these motives induced the negroes to unite themselves with the various religious bodies, then the cause of their present neglect and desertion may be easily accounted for from the simple fact that such motives no longer exist. The people are now in the enjoyment of perfect liberty, and all the rights and privileges of British subjects; they no longer require the countenance and support of European missionaries; they no longer depend on them for protection against cruelty, oppression, or injustice; they have all that now in their own power, and well know how to avail themselves of it, whilst the novelty of religious exercises has long since passed away, and all causes of peculiar excitement having ceased to exist, nothing is left to attract but the simple and ordinary services of religious worship; and these, with a people so generally ignorant as to be unable to comprehend them sufficiently to realize their importance, or to appreciate their benefits, cannot be expected to operate with sufficient power on so fickle and excitable a community as to lead to a persevering and consistent attention to their obligations and duties.

Another reason may be advanced as having operated to their abandonment of a religious profession, namely, the order and discipline of the churches, which interfered with their love of pleasure, or the indulgence of their passions, as well as preserved a constant watchfulness over their moral deportment, forbidding drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, dishonesty, swearing, gambling, and going to law, as well as other vices to which they are

too prone. For years they have exhibited a growing impatience of these restraints, and have, to a great extent, resisted them, or else have shaken them off altogether, by ceasing their connection with the churches, and either uniting themselves to others less particular, or entirely renouncing all pretension to a profession of religion. There can be no doubt that the various religious bodies have, to a considerable extent, aided in bringing about this state of spiritual vagabondism, by the readiness with which they have received the discarded members of other churches, without requiring any testimony of character, or making any inquiries respecting those who, under such circumstances, have sought admission into their communion; and thus instead of working together to strengthen the bonds of order, and the obligations of purity and consistent Christianity, they have helped to relax if not to destroy them. This serious charge is not made lightly, nor without evidence; in fact, it is a patent throughout the island, and the negroes know it so well that on being charged with misconduct or immorality by a church, it is common for them to set its authority at defiance, and refuse to submit to its discipline, saying, "Oh! I will go to another church, they will be glad to receive me, there's the same God everywhere." Many, indeed, have gone still further, and, having been excommunicated from the Mission churches for dishonesty or immorality have, nevertheless, been able to persuade considerable numbers to follow them, and thus set themselves up for preachers of that Gospel which they had so shamelessly dishonoured. This has been the case particularly with the Baptists, and hence the large numbers of so-called "Native Baptist Churches,"—places in which ignorance and superstition are enthroned,—the hot beds in which Obeahism, Myalism, and other heathen practices attain their most vigorous growth, and where the grossest impurity and vice are found in strange and unnatural alliance with a profession of the pure religion of Christ.

The duty of contributing money for the support of the ministry, and the maintenance and repairs of chapel, &c., has also operated powerfully in bringing about their present depressed and abandoned condition. In the former part of this article allusion was made to the great liberality of the negroes, and their large contributions for the erection of chapels and schools, as well as in aiding the efforts of the various societies for the extension of their missions in the island; and there are not wanting some who, in the present day, try to persuade themselves and others that the great falling off in the contributions of the people to these religious institutions is not to be ascribed

to a growing indisposition to support them, but is to be attributed solely to their deep poverty, and utter inability to give. That the distress which has resulted from the late severe drought may have tended to aggravate the evil, is readily conceded; but that it has only intensified the real cause, and is not the cause itself, is also as firmly maintained. The island has always been subject to similar droughts, but never before with similar results. In the years 1841-3, droughts even more severe prevailed than during the last year; but these were years when the liberality of the negroes was most distinguished. Besides, to suppose that the people are poorer now, when they enjoy the entire benefit of their labour, than they were during slavery, when they had only one day in two weeks, or during the apprenticeship, when they had but two days in a week for themselves, is an absurdity too obvious to be seriously maintained, however it may be thoughtlessly advanced. Moreover, it is inconsistent with all the accounts that have been published, from time to time, of the steady advancement of the negroes in material wealth and prosperity. It is evident, therefore, that both these statements cannot be true, and it is high time that the real position of affairs should be understood. The altered social condition in which the people now stand to that in which they were before freedom, and the altered state of their feelings with regard to religion, are the true causes to which their growing indifference to the claims of religion, and their unwillingness to support its institutions, are to be ascribed. In slavery, and during the apprenticeship, although the means of obtaining money by the negroes were but small, yet their wants were still less; they consequently possessed a surplus, and, having no immediate use for it, cheerfully contributed it to religious purposes. Now the case is entirely different. Freedom has created in them appetites and desires to which before they were utter strangers. Many have become ambitious to obtain freeholds, and build houses, or to purchase houses and other stock, and others have a passion for accumulation, and hoard up all the money they can obtain, and thus a parsimonious spirit has been engendered, which has closed their charities against the claims of religion. But there is another, and far larger class, which has imbibed so strong a love of pleasure and dress that everything else is sacrificed to their gratification; every shilling they can obtain, even oftentimes to the stinting themselves of sufficient food, is spent in finery, to be exhibited in their Sunday walks, or at their dances, and belvederes, and tea parties, or, perhaps, in the first bloom of their newness, for once or twice in the chapel. In fact, dress is one of the besetting

passions of the negro; to attain this all their efforts are directed, and not unfrequently even virtue and honesty sacrificed to it. No wonder then that such should have little, or nothing, to spare for the maintenance of religious institutions, or that they relinquish all connection with them, that by so doing they may escape their claims.

It is to such causes as these, and not to the poverty of the people, that the falling off in the churches is to be principally attributed. Money can readily be found for dress and pleasure; and the rapid multiplication of large stores in Kingston and other towns for the sale of apparel, and the large profits realized by dealers in those articles, and fortunes which have been made by some, especially when considered in connection with the reduced number of Europeans in the island,* prove how much the native population expend in such articles. Money, too, can be found for rum, &c., and the very large increase of duties realized by the Government in the year 1864 (notwithstanding its being a year of drought and so much distress), affords abundant evidence of the quantity consumed. Money can also be obtained for their amusements, balls, and dances, and belvederes, and tea parties; and it can be found for litigation in the courts of law, for it is inconceivable how much is expended in this way—summonses and counter-summonses, each one costing seven shillings and sixpence, together with a guinea on each side to a solicitor to conduct the case. It must be admitted that these things, as well as the readiness with which they find money to pay their fines, afford abundant evidence that if the various religious institutions are not adequately supported, it is not so much for want of means as it is want of disposition.

But it has been a matter of astonishment that the Baptist Mission should have suffered so much more than other missions in the island; yet so it is. That mission, which twenty-five years ago stood so pre-eminent for its extraordinary success, is now equally conspicuous for its depression. Several circumstances have concurred to produce this lamentable state of things, and amongst them none more so than that very success itself. In 1842, the Baptist missionaries, imagining that their then prosperity would continue, or even increase, and desirous that a mission should be commenced in Africa, passed a resolution, engaging that after a given time they would cease to be *regular* stipendiaries on the Society, and only draw for support on its funds in cases of absolute necessity. This was emblazoned throughout England as an entire withdrawal from all support, and a declaration of absolute and entire independence, although

the smallest exercise of common-sense would be sufficient to show that the resolution bore no such construction; and although some few cases were assisted by the Society after that period, yet in 1844 it resolved in future to afford no more assistance, thus leaving the churches entirely to their own resources for support, and by so doing *it fixed the seal to their final ruin*. From that time they have struggled on unaided, every year becoming poorer and weaker. Many of the missionaries have since died, others have had to supplement their inadequate incomes by farm and storekeeping, and other secular pursuits, which have interfered with the efficient discharge of their proper duties; others have been compelled to return to England, being unable to support their families in Jamaica; whilst, except in two or three instances, none have been sent out to supply their places. These have had to be filled in the best manner possible. Those who came out as schoolmasters, left their occupation to become pastors, and a large band of native preachers was appointed. Thus the character of the Baptist ministry, which once stood so high, has been gradually sinking lower and lower, whilst the fact that the ministers, who had no other sources of supply than their congregations furnished, were oftentimes compelled by sheer absolute needs to urge upon the people the necessity for more regular and increased contributions, which in course of time wearied and offended them, and caused numbers to withdraw from their communion. The other missionary societies, acting with more wisdom and consideration, did not withdraw all support from their agents, who were, in consequence, enabled to live without such entire dependence on their congregations, who, experience proves, were always more ready to contribute to a society than to an individual. This is the chief reason why they have suffered so much less than the Baptists in the general decay. This statement of facts is due to the Baptist missionaries, who might otherwise be supposed to have lost their influence over the people from some causes within themselves, and not from the cruel position in which they had been so injudiciously thrust. They are generally a faithful, laborious, and devoted set of men, and, as a denomination, still possess the confidence, and even preference, of the majority of the negro population; but no men could stand against the pressure of such an accumulation of adverse circumstances as those which have been for twenty years crushing them to the earth. The fact is, that voluntary and self-supporting churches cannot be maintained with any degree of efficiency in Jamaica for many years to come. They may prosper in an intelligent and wealthy community, but when a people are ignorant and

poor, unable alike to comprehend fully its obligations, or support the responsibilities which it involves, voluntaryism and self-support become improbabilities.

It is in this particular that the Christian public of England is in such error respecting the mission churches in Jamaica. It imagines that the people of that island are educated and matured Christians, and consequently capable of self-government and support; it is not so; they are still but babes in Christian knowledge and experience, whilst he who depends upon them for continuous and entire support, leans upon a broken reed, which will not only fail him in time of trial, but pierce him through with many sorrows.

It is evident that these statements, and the facts on which they are founded, demand and deserve the most serious consideration of all who are interested in the permanent success of missionary effort in Jamaica. A large and important field for self-sacrificing devotedness still lies before them in that island, and one which, notwithstanding all its present discouragements, is full of hope and promise; but the work is only begun, it is not accomplished; Christianity has obtained a root amongst the people, but it has not yet grown and matured; its truths and obligations are acknowledged, but nevertheless they are only partially and imperfectly realized; the Gospel as a dogma has been received, but as a spiritual power it is little known—it is the religion of preference, but (save in rare cases) it is not yet one of intelligent and conscientious conviction; in short, the good seed of the kingdom has been sown, but the harvest has not been ripened and gathered in.

The question which arises from such a view of missions in Jamaica, is this: Shall a work so nobly begun be left unfinished? It is a fear that it may be that has led to this painful exposure of the facts of the case. Already one society has become weary, and altogether withdrawn from the great work, and others threaten to follow in its footsteps; should they do so, the people in whose spiritual welfare they have for so many years displayed so deep an interest, will be left without teachers; and, abandoned to themselves, there is every reason to fear that they will speedily sink into nominal and formalistic Christianity, debased by the grossest corruptions, and allied to the most polluting superstitions.

In prospect of such a catastrophe, the eye turns naturally to the Established Church of the island, and much as has been said and written about that Establishment, and the enormous sums that are annually expended for its maintenance, it be-

comes a question whether, in the present condition and future prospects of the mission churches, it would be either wise or safe to attempt its disruption. VOLUNTARYISM in Jamaica has been TRIED, and has FAILED ; and although the writer has always been a conscientious Dissenter, yet (in the present condition, and with the future prospects of the mission churches in the island) if the abolition of the Established Church in Jamaica, or its continuance, depended on his single voice, he would not hesitate to say, "Let it continue ; it is not safe to terminate its existence, lest in doing so you extinguish the last glimmer of Christian light, and leave five hundred thousand people in utter and hopeless darkness."

With such a picture of the religious condition of Jamaica, no one can expect a very favourable representation of its moral state, for when the claims of religion are ignored, and its duties neglected, there will always be a corresponding departure from the obligations of morality. And the condition of that island affords no exception to the rule ; it is evident, there, that as religion has declined, immorality has increased, amongst the people ; the rapid advance in crime, as proved by the records of the various criminal courts, as well as the aggravated character which it has assumed, afford sad evidences of a declining morality.

Whilst the overcrowded state of the General Penitentiary, and other prisons, and the declaration of the Governor that more severe and exemplary punishments are required in order to check its progress, afford irrefragable evidence that the tone of public morality has been seriously lowered. The great increase in the number of rum-shops throughout the island, and that in spite of the greatly augmented charge for licenses, leads to a conviction that habits of inebriety, with all their concomitant evils, are rapidly gaining ground in the community. And the very alarming diminution of the number of marriages, as compared with former years, as well as the overwhelming majority of illegitimate children that are born, show, sad as the fact may appear, that there is an awful degeneracy prevailing amongst the people in morality and virtue, and a growing neglect and abandonment of the claims of domestic obligations and virtuous pursuits ; whilst the very numerous complaints of assaults, abusive language, and disorderly conduct which swell the records of the police courts, tend to show the unrestrained passions of the people, and the numerous cases of larceny of provisions from the grounds of the more industrious peasantry, prove a growing disposition to disregard the claims of law and order, as well as an

increasing indifference to the rights of property, and determination to subsist on the proceeds of robbery and crime, rather than to obtain an honourable support by means of honest industry; in fact, dislike to labour and habits of idleness prevail throughout the island, and when men will not work, it follows that they will steal.

These signs of moral degeneracy are evident all over the island, although not everywhere to the same degree; the large towns and seaports afford perhaps the greatest amount as well as the worst samples, and Kingston, the chief city, especially attracts the greatest number, as it affords employment so congenial with their dispositions and habits; namely, loading and coaling vessels, which require considerable numbers of persons, but only at spasmodic intervals, and as such work is much better paid for than any other description of labour, and is not continuous, it has a peculiar attraction for persons of vagabond and dissipated habits; the consequence is, that multitudes eagerly seek such employment, and impurity and moral depravity are exhibited in their most undisguised form and revolting features.

After such a representation as the foregoing, the question which suggests itself is this: Can anything be done for Jamaica, or is so richly fertile and enchantingly beautiful an island to be permitted to go on in its retrogressive course, until that once rich and important colony shall be blotted out from the lists of commerce, and nearly five hundred thousands of people, on whom the hopes of Christians and philanthropists, once so fondly rested, be found only to have emerged from slavery that they may sink into barbarism? Already some of the causes which have led to the present condition of things have been indicated, and a few suggestions ventured on as to the methods by which they may be ameliorated or removed, but the question is too complicated and perplexing for any single mind to be able to solve it, or to suggest a remedy equal to the entire evil.

In this paper it has been attempted to exhibit Jamaica as it is, nothing extenuating, nor ought setting down in malice, in the humble hope that it may excite the attention of the British public to a renewed interest in its declining fortunes, and induce the Home Government to institute a searching investigation into its true condition, and the causes which have produced it, as well as the adoption of such measures as may tend to restore that once flourishing colony, and valuable appendage to the British crown, to something like its former prosperity and importance, so that a people, who, by its

noble sense of justice and humanity, were delivered from the cruel yoke of slavery, may not now be abandoned and forgotten, but by the enactment of wise laws, and the exercise of a careful supervision and good government, they may be fitted to adorn the liberty with which they have been invested, and become loyal, industrious, intelligent, and useful subjects of the crown under which they have the happiness to live, and whose subjects they profess to be.

Jamaica, with all its wealth of rich, fertile soil, and mineral treasure, its variety of climate and beauty of scenery, cannot, must not, be permitted to sink into utter decay. Its decreased production of sugar may be a matter of little concern to England, which can obtain abundant supplies elsewhere; but its geographical position, as one of the keys of the western seas, is too important to a great maritime nation to be regarded with indifference, whilst, standing as it does in what is to be the great highway of the world, between the northern and southern hemispheres, its safe and spacious harbours, more fitted than any other, from locality and extent, to meet the growing traffic between Europe and the Pacific, as well as its abundant supply of water, vegetables, luscious fruit, and fine cattle, point out Jamaica as one of the future great entrepôts of the world, which cannot fail to be of immense importance to the commerce of England; it must therefore be the policy, as it is the paramount duty, of the Government to adopt such measures as shall save it from utter decay, and revive and restore its interests.

Amongst the measures which should be adopted to restore the prosperity of this magnificent island, two present themselves as indispensably necessary; the first is to elevate the lower classes to a higher intellectual and social position, and the second to increase the population, so that it may bear some fair proportion to the extent of its territory. Hitherto, comparatively little has been attempted, and still less accomplished, to raise the labouring classes in the scale of intelligence and civilization. Some few have realized their condition, and been ambitious to possess a comfortable home and surround themselves with the enjoyments of civilized life, and these are always found to be the most moral, industrious, and worthy members of the community. But the great mass of the people seem to have made little or no progress, and in their social and domestic habits are as degraded as they were in the days of slavery. With this class, it is to be feared, very little can be done; their habits are too inveterate, and their ignorance too gross, to afford any hope of changing the one, or enlightening the other. The hope of Jamaica rests

upon the young and rising generation, and it is to that that attention should be specially directed; and here the importance of education suggests itself as the first thing demanding attention as the only means of securing this valuable end.

Hitherto all that has been attempted to educate the people has accomplished comparatively little; schools have been established by the various missionary bodies, and some very feeble efforts have been made by the island legislature to promote education, but up to the present time nothing sufficiently comprehensive has been attempted to meet the requirements of the case. Education, to be really beneficial to a country, must be universally diffused, for when it is very partial it does more harm than good, at least that has been the effect in Jamaica; surrounded by such a dead level of ignorance, a little learning has seemed a wonderful thing, and those who have possessed it have given themselves airs accordingly; they have considered themselves superior to the cultivation of the soil, or other pursuits of industry, and many of them have thus become burdens to society instead of blessings. These are the great political agitators of the island, who traffic in votes and try to control elections, and it is from these ranks that the self-constituted native preachers are principally obtained. Now, if education were more general, these evils would, to a considerable extent, cease to exist; a little learning then would not constitute a phenomenon, but the whole surface of society would be raised and improved. What is wanted is an education that would make intelligent labourers and useful citizens, and no system seems so likely to accomplish this object as Industrial Schools, where learning and labour should be taught together. Such a system of education would not only have the advantage of economy of expense, by contributing considerably towards its own support, but it would tend to remove the idea of disgrace which, in Jamaica, is attached to field labour, and make it respectable in the eyes of the people. It would also accustom them to the use of better implements of agriculture, as well as improved and more scientific methods of cultivation, which could not but exert a beneficial influence on the prosperity of the island. There is at present one institution of this description established in the parish of Metcalf, by the agent of the American Missionary Society, in which not only agriculture is carried on to a considerable extent, but other useful trades, as tanning, smith's and carpenter's work, and a saw-mill moved by water power, and a fair crop of sugar is also cultivated and manufactured. This valuable institution takes a considerable number of young persons entirely in charge, lodging and feeding, as well as educating

them, and is so admirably managed as to be, to a considerable degree, self-supporting; and all who have visited it bear testimony to its great value and efficiency: indeed, its influences are seen for miles round, in the superior intelligence of the people, their improved methods of cultivation, and general good conduct.

Could such schools as this be established throughout the island, it might be reasonably expected that in a few years the entire character and habits of the people would be greatly changed, and the welfare of the island, to a considerable extent, improved. The great difficulty which lies in the way of accomplishing such an object arises from the indifference of the parents, who have little or no appreciation of the value of knowledge, and are generally unwilling to incur the least expense for the education of their children, or even to forego any little services they may be able to render them in their work or at their ground. The consequence has been that the schools have been but very poorly attended, and that attendance very fitful and irregular.

Under such circumstances, it becomes a question whether compulsory education ought not to be adopted, or at least that certain political privileges should be enjoyed only on condition that those exercising them should be able to read and write. That some stimulus must be applied to overcome the present apathy of parents respecting the education of their children is most evident, and without it no amount of provision for that purpose will be able to effect any general good.

The island also requires a very considerable increase in its population. One of the chief causes of its decay has been the greatness of its extent, compared with the fewness of its inhabitants; this has rendered land comparatively valueless, and enabled the people to purchase it at almost nominal prices,* and has also encouraged squatters to take possession of considerable tracts, and appropriate them to their own use in defiance of the owners. Thus thousands have been drawn away to the interior mountains, far from the great centres of labour, where they vegetate in idleness, and the estates are left crippled, if not ruined, for want of steady continuous labour.

No country can prosper when the means of support grow almost spontaneously, and the population is so very small. Barbadoes has no less than eight hundred people to the square mile; and it prospers, its productions having increased greatly,

* In Barbadoes, with a dense population, land is worth £100 per acre; in Jamaica, estates have been sold at an average of only four shillings.

since freedom, and wealth, and civilization are progressing throughout the island. Jamaica has only about seventy to the square mile, and has, in the same period, been sinking lower and lower, until from the richest and most important of the West India Islands, it is rapidly becoming the poorest and most insignificant. The island is capable of supporting three millions of people, and would be infinitely benefited if its population were quadrupled ; with its present insignificant number it is not probable that it will ever attain to any importance or value.

This want of population has been felt for years, and various means have been tried to supply the deficiency, but all have proved ineffectual, either from the unsuitableness of the persons selected, or the immense cost of their immigration, and the short period of their stay. To obtain the large numbers required, it is indispensable that the cost of bringing them should be small, whilst, to confer a real benefit to the island, those who come should settle permanently, and not, like the Coolies, leave the country after five years. Under these considerations the question arises: Where are such settlers to be obtained in sufficient numbers? and the answer is, in the Southern States of America. To these the attention of the inhabitants of Jamaica was directed during the late war in the United States, and information obtained that the American Government was willing to concur in these views, but the British authorities refused to sanction such a step, lest it should be regarded as a violation of the laws of neutrality, and in the event of the Southern States succeeding in securing their independence, it might involve serious complications with them. Those objections no longer exist ; the Confederate States have been vanquished and dissolved, and the slaves they once held are now declared to be free. Here there are four millions of people exactly suited to the wants of Jamaica, capable of enduring its climate, accustomed to agricultural pursuits, and speaking the same language. There is reason to believe that the Government of the United States would be rejoiced to get rid of many of these people—to which they are at present a source of perplexity—and tens of thousands of them might be obtained with little cost and difficulty. These would become permanent settlers in the island, supplying the estates with such an amount of labour as would enable them to double their productions and thus, whilst affording to them a safe asylum, political privileges, and happy homes, would once more place Jamaica in its proper position as the most important, as well as the largest and most beautiful island in the British West India Colonies.

V.

MR. MILL'S INDICTMENT OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

WE only introduce this volume to the notice of our readers now from the feeling that it has been too long un-introduced, not because we have any thought that in a brief page or two we can even indicate its chief headlands of observation. We are desirous, also, while some of the topics it discusses have called for much severe and obnoxious criticism from certain disciples of a narrow orthodoxy amongst us, not to be wanting ourselves in some expression of admiration of that which is to us the most considerable and pervading charm of the volume—its admirable fairness of spirit and calmness of temper. We suppose Mr. Mill is not to be regarded as a Christian. Some Christian folk have been lately in the habit of writing very bitter and hard things against Mr. Mill, and the supposed tendencies of some of his expressions. It would be well if such critics would read this volume, and, while they profess to be regulated by, and to be amenable to, very much higher principles, if they could, condescend to such trifling affairs as the literary righteousness and reverential homage to honest conviction to truth, and to Him whom we call God, as are to be found in these pages. We are not so foolish as to think that all the bad temper and abusive ignorance of literature are to be found in the ranks of the Evangelicals. The Sadducees have plenty of these rich spices too; but we deeply regret that there are literary men, and literary organs, professing and calling themselves Christian, to whom it seems impossible to make an extract from a book without garbling it, and to take exception to a creed or a philosophy without quotations from the classics of Billingsgate; in a word, Christians to whom righteousness, good taste, and good temper seem to be simply impossible. We repeat again, that this volume, in which Mr. Mill descants so freely and criticizes so severely the philosophy of the chief representative of the Scottish philosophy, and some of his disciples, is a model of fairness, candour, and calmness, not without a pleasing glow of moral warmth and earnestness of conviction. This said, it must be admitted that his method with Sir William Hamilton is very unsparing. It will, we think, be admitted,

* *An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophic Questions Discussed in his Writings.* By John Stuart Mill. Longmans.

even by Sir William's most completely absorbed disciples, that in some points the critic catches Achilles by the heel. Sir William Hamilton was indeed a prodigious man; the range of his information was vast; on the whole, it seems to have died with him. It must, we think, be admitted, that he did little more than Coleridge towards the putting his vast materials into shape and symmetry; the publications of his lifetime were fragments; a few essays, and scattered, although very subtle, and profoundly suggestive, notes. The four volumes of Lectures are posthumous, and, for the most part, were not by himself prepared for publication; yet his reputation is of the loftiest; he stands like a lofty watch-tower in the midst of the low, level, Shinar plain of his age, and redeems even it a little from the charge alleged against it, in 1829, by Mr. Carlyle, that "the metaphysical and moral sciences are falling into decay, and the physical engrossing every day more respect and attention;" and that of Mr. Mill himself, made thirty years since, "that the celebrity of England rests upon her docks, her canals, her railroads. In intellect she is distinguished only for a kind of sober good sense, void of all lofty aspiration." We scarcely know whether we are to regard this as a reproach; mentally and morally, our countrymen seem incapable of philosophical speculation; it is true, we have been honoured to produce, from time to time, some of the loftiest. Bacon's map of Nature, Newton's map of the Universe, and Locke's map of the Human Mind, have been thought very noteworthy; but they by no means represent our countrymen; the great majority of living Englishmen, merchants, manufacturers, or ploughmen and peasants, are characterized by a stupid inaptitude, not merely indisposition, but sheer inability for handling abstract questions. Even Sir William Hamilton has been, and is probably, appreciated far more highly on the Continent than here, and his elevation to the chair he occupied in his University was, perhaps, owing more to the overpowering eulogy of his great adversary, Victor Cousin, and to other eminent foreigners, able to estimate his clear and prescient intelligence, than to any great enthusiasm displayed on his behalf in his own country. On a previous occasion, Edinburgh had set him aside for bright-witted, brilliant "Christopher North;" and in the same way, if the two competitors at the same time for the chair of Astronomy had been Robert Burns and Sir Isaac Newton, Newton would have stood no chance against the singer of such delightful songs. In his early days, at Oxford, Hamilton had created astonishment by the stupendous excursions of his mind over every field of

knowledge. We suppose Mr. Mill expresses simple truth, when he says of him, he possessed a knowledge of the materials of the history of philosophy of the old, and, to ordinary readers, altogether unknown writers of the middle ages, such as no one, probably, for many generations, will take the trouble of acquiring again. Thus he has left undone what no one but himself could have done; with him have expired and passed away immense piles and stupendous treasures of knowledge; and not only so, he, of all living men, best possessed the power to put ancient thought into the phraseology of modern thought; for a command of philosophic language, and a knowledge of philosophic system were never yet so perfectly realized as in Sir William Hamilton. After this, it is really quite consolatory to us, little creatures, to find this Titanic intelligence at a loss, and tripping in some very slight matters. When he published his most celebrated Essay on the Philosophy of the Conditioned, there were very few readers in England able even to apprehend its necessary nomenclature, while the Essay itself displayed a grasp of the philosophy of the universe; we may even dare to say a power to touch even its subtle, unseen springs, and a knowledge of all that great European thinkers had done in this direction, which perfectly dazed and bewildered many who attempted to follow the essayist. Yet when Sir William came to deal with mathematical and physical science, he betrayed an ignorance of a most amusingly consolatory character. His crusade against mathematical science is in the recollection of all our readers. Mr. Mill lays the fallacy of that remarkable Essay, with its most amusing fecundity of erudite quotation, bare. It is devoted to an elaborate process of proof of that which even the mathematician never affects to doubt, namely, "That mathematics "do not concern themselves with the estimation of probabilities, "only with demonstrative evidence." "All that it amounts "to," says Mr. Mill, "is, that it is no objection to a harrow "that it is not a plough, nor to a saw that it is not a chisel." Especially it is most remarkable to find Mr. Mill convicting Sir William Hamilton, from his Essay, of utter ignorance of the very meaning of mixed or applied mathematics. It does not, however, need the sagacity of our writer to discover the giant's especial place of weakness in this Essay. There was a fearful unfairness in Sir William Hamilton. His treatment of Archdeacon Hare will, we suppose, to the memory of all our readers, illustrate this. All the powers of his mind, when his prescience or his will took a direction, were grouped and gathered, knotted, gnarled, and concentrated to one determination and point.

The stories and traditions of his phrenetic passion, sometimes amusing imbecility of wrath, which float about Edinburgh at the present day, are numerous; and this unhappy nervousness of constitution could not, of course, but sometimes influence him even in his highest efforts of speculation. Sir William Hamilton's works and words abound with lightning gleams, which open up the whole concave of the universe to the reader's mind, not less than Coleridge, or Benedict Spinoza, or Giordano Bruno, or Abelard, and illustrate to us the necessity of another state, of a higher consciousness, to save the present from being regarded as a waste, and to crown and complete the being begun in this. The following, of Mr. Mill, seems most admirable:—

In the whole circle of psychological and logical speculation, it is astonishing how few are the topics into which he has thrown any of the powers of his own intellect; and on how small a proportion even of these he has pushed his investigations beyond what seemed necessary for the purposes of some particular controversy. In consequence, philosophical doctrines are taken up, and again laid down, with perfect unconsciousness, and his philosophy seems made up of scraps from several conflicting metaphysical systems. The Relativity of human knowledge is made a great deal of in opposition to Schelling and Cousin, but drops out or dwindles into nothing in Sir W. Hamilton's own psychology. The validity of our natural beliefs, and the doctrine that the incogitable is not therefore impossible, are strenuously asserted in this place and disregarded in that, according to the question in hand. On the subject of General Notions he is avowedly a Nominalist, but teaches the whole of Logic as if he had never heard of any doctrine but the Conceptualist; what he presents as a reconciliation of the two being never adverted to afterwards, and serving only as an excuse to himself for accepting the one doctrine and invariably using the language of the other. Arriving at his doctrines almost always under the stimulus of some special dispute, he never knows how far to press them: consequently there is a region of haze round the place where opinions of different origin meet. I formerly quoted from him a felicitous illustration drawn from the mechanical operation of tunnelling; that process affords another, justly applicable to himself. The reader must have heard of that gigantic enterprise of the Italian Government, the tunnel through Mont Cenis. This great work is carried on simultaneously from both ends, in well-grounded confidence (such is now the minute accuracy of engineering operations) that the two parties of workmen will correctly meet in the middle. Were they to disappoint this expectation, and work past one another in the dark, they would afford a likeness of Sir W. Hamilton's mode of tunnelling the human mind.

So complete, so fair, and able a digest of the doctrines of Sir William Hamilton has long been needed; for it has long been a point of grave dispute whether those doctrines tend more to

the expansion or to the annihilation of faith. It has long been felt that they, so far as our intelligent nature is concerned, present a more thorough-going scepticism than even those of Kant. Hamilton's theory of knowledge is the central point and stem of his system; and it is an attempt to extricate itself from metaphysical difficulties by logical laws; it is an attempt to make logic the measure, and even the source, of the fundamental truths of the human reason. It has been held by wise and thoughtful minds to be only a marvellous effort of learned paradox, in which the German elements refute its Scotch common-sense, and its Scotch common-sense is irreconcilable with its extreme Kantianism. True, it has been said, a theology constructed on such principles, and on such a basis, is evidently one of pre-eminent modesty and humility; but it has also been seen that this philosophy is rather a nescience than a science, both of man and of God. The Infinite, certainly, becomes a negation. It maintains, "that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of; that our whole knowledge is, in fact, made up of the unknown and incognizable." Hamilton conducts his disciples to the very edge of a scepticism far more fearful than any abyss yawning beneath the secret of Hegel; we are brought to the very edge and limit of the solid world; infinite space and deep night lie beyond and through it; we and our little world are whirling; only another step and we are lost. Hamilton, we believe, was saved by his thorough-going Scotch orthodoxy. But what if his disciples have no such retreat? they are in as bad a condition as those who are unable to accept his strong statements, or faith in the doctrine of assurance, which, being abandoned, he said there only remained a verbal dispute about justification between Romanists and Catholics!

The central point of Sir William Hamilton's system is consciousness—human knowledge—which must be, however, regarded as the central point of all philosophy—consciousness, and the true relativity of human knowledge. What is consciousness? Is it intuitive knowledge? We do know some things immediately; if we did not know some things immediately, we could know nothing mediately, and therefore could know nothing at all. Knowledge, however, is a thing of relations; but whether it be so, or whether it be immediate and intuitive, it is to itself absolute and beyond appeal; the whole visible universe moves round this consciousness—this *me*. Its rectitude, its universal testimony seems to be one of the most incontestable evidences, both to the being and to the character of God. We must take the testimony of our consciousness; to disbelieve it, Mr. Mill well says, would be to

attribute mendicity and perfidy to our Creator. In the rectitude of knowledge, which we do not doubt, in ourselves, we have mirrored to us the Divine veracity. The knowledge of God rests upon the affirmation which consciousness makes of itself, and not of anything beyond itself. All theories of the human mind profess to be interpretations of this consciousness; Sir William Hamilton, of course, in his speculations, as we said, among the rest. It is upon this point, however, Mr. Mill comes strikingly into collision with his author, whom he certainly convicts of giving two definitions to it; one synonymous with direct, immediate, and intuitive knowledge, the other as the mind's recognition of its own actions and affections. It seems very essential to remember this, as forgetfulness of it would sometimes flaw the interpretation of Sir William, while it must be admitted that it sometimes introduces confusion into the attempt to understand his meaning. Sir William's deliverance, however, with reference to consciousness, is that portion of his philosophic doctrine which has been introduced by Mr. Mansel, and other of his philosophic disciples, into the department of theology. We shall again permit Mr. Mill to speak for himself on this matter, and we the rather desire to do so because we shall give, unbroken and ungarbled, a quotation which, in a garbled form, has brought down upon him much condign condemnation.

The fundamental property of our knowledge of God, Mr. Mansel says, is that we do not and cannot know him as he is in himself: certain persons, therefore, whom he calls Rationalists, he condemns as unphilosophical, when they reject any statement as inconsistent with the character of God. This is a valid answer, as far as words go, to some of the later Transcendentalists—to those who think that we have an intuition of the Divine Nature; though even as to them it would not be difficult to show that the answer is but skin-deep. But those "Rationalists" who hold, with Mr. Mansel himself, the relativity of human knowledge, are not touched by his reasoning. We cannot know God as he is in himself (they reply); granted: and what then? Can we know man as he is in himself, or matter as it is in itself? We do not claim any other knowledge of God than such as we have of man or of matter. Because I do not know my fellow-men, nor any of the powers of nature, as they are in themselves, am I therefore not at liberty to disbelieve anything I hear respecting them as being inconsistent with their character? I know something of Man and Nature, not as they are in themselves, but as they are relatively to us; and it is as relative to us, and not as he is in himself, that I suppose myself to know anything of God. The attributes which I ascribe to him as goodness, knowledge, power, are all relative. They are attributes (says the Rationalist) which my experience enables me to conceive, and which I consider as proved, not absolutely, by an

intuition of God, but phænomenally, by his action on the creation, as known through my senses and my rational faculty. These relative attributes, each of them in an infinite degree, are all I pretend to predicate of God. When I reject a doctrine as inconsistent with God's nature, it is not as being inconsistent with what God is in himself, but with what he is as manifested to us. If my knowledge of him is only phænomenal, the assertions which I reject are phænomenal too. If those assertions are inconsistent with my relative knowledge of him, it is no answer to say that all my knowledge of him is relative. That is no more a reason against disbelieving an alleged fact as unworthy of God, than against disbelieving another alleged fact as unworthy of Turgot, or of Washington, whom also I do not know as Noumena, but only as Phænomena.

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Accordingly Mr. Mansel combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion "that the attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves, furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God," (the word *adequate* must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation) he identifies with "the vulgar Rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth." And in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar Rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that "all excellences of which we are conscious in the creature, must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is indeed more wise, more just, more merciful, than man; but for that very reason, his wisdom, and justice, and mercy, must contain nothing that is incompatible with the corresponding attributes in their human character." It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

Here, then, I take my stand on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that when we mean different things we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Language has no meaning for the words Just, Merciful, Benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our [fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If in affirming them of God we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all.

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If in ascribing goodness to God I do not mean what I mean by goodness; if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which for aught I know may be a totally different quality from

that which I love and venerate—and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this—what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change of phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning, is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind, as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's veracity? All trust in a Revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

If, instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive, exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them; convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do: he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go.

Neither is this to set up my own limited intellect as a criterion of Divine or of any other wisdom. If a person is wiser and better than myself, not in some unknown and unknowable meaning of the terms, but in their known human acceptance, I am ready to believe that what this person thinks may be true, and that what he does may be right, when, but for the opinion I have of him, I should think otherwise. But this is because I believe that he and I have at bottom the same standard of truth and rule of right, and that he probably understands better than I the facts of the particular case.

We have made this quotation at length. It must be admitted that Mr. Mill has expressed himself in a very strong and fearless manner; nor can we doubt, we apprehend, that he is substantially right, that to cultivated minds, holiness, goodness, truth, represent qualities the like of which, but infinite in their moral dimensions, we can apply to God. It seems very evident,

if we accept the Scriptures as truth, that God must have intended certain words to be signs of certain qualities in his character, and it certainly does not follow that when we are told "His ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts," that when we ascend to that high region, we should find that we have to altogether invert our idea of what a high way or a holy way is; if we could think so, God's revelation would only be a lamp to mislead. And the same must be said of the qualities of the human mind, and the testimony of consciousness in it; it also is a revelation from God of his character and his attributes. But at the close of our periodical, we did not take up Mr. Mill's book with any idea that it would be possible to do any slight measure of justice to it. We can only refer our readers' attention to the volume, and they will find it to be, so far as they shall be able to enjoy such reading, a very delightful exercise in mental gymnastics; and such books are no more than this. They do not add so much to our absolute stock of knowledge, but they train, and exercise, and discipline, and give health, breadth, and muscle to the mind. Perhaps it will be found, ultimately, that our gains from Sir William Hamilton are not very positive—are negative, in fact, but not therefore the less real and valuable; like Hegel, he was a great namer; he gave precision to metaphysical ideas and forms; he has himself said, language

"Is the attribution of signs to our cognitions of things. But as a cognition must have been already there, before it could receive a sign; consequently, that knowledge which is denoted by the formation and application of a word, must have preceded the symbol which denotes it." A sign, however, he continues, in one of his happiest specimens of illustration, "is necessary to give stability to our intellectual progress,—to establish each step in our advance as a new starting point for our advance to another beyond. A country may be overrun by an armed host, but it is only conquered by the establishment of fortresses. Words are the fortresses of thought. They enable us to realize our dominion over what we have already overrun in thought; to make every intellectual conquest the basis of operations for others still beyond. Or another illustration: You have all heard of the process of tunnelling, of tunnelling through a sand bank. In this operation it is impossible to succeed, unless every foot, nay almost every inch in our progress, be secured by an arch of masonry, before we attempt the excavation of another. Now, language is to the mind precisely what the arch is to the tunnel. The power of thinking and the power of excavation are not dependent on the word in the one case, on the mason-work in the other; but without these subsidiaries, neither process could be carried on beyond its rudimentary commencement. Though, therefore, we allow that every movement forward in language

must be determined by an antecedent movement forward in thought ; still, unless thought be accompanied at each point of its evolution, by a corresponding evolution of language, its further development is arrested. . . . Admitting even that the mind is capable of certain elementary concepts without the fixation and signature of language, still these are but sparks which would twinkle only to expire, and it requires words to give them prominence, and by enabling us to collect and elaborate them into new concepts, to raise out of what would otherwise be only scattered and transitory scintillations, a vivid and enduring light."

Thus, because man is infinite himself, in his nature, he cannot let the infinite alone ; he must occupy himself too with painful self-questionings. An ingenious writer has likened man when he will be a metaphysician, to a young man in the eastern story, with the lamp which sufficed him as he rubbed it daily for every need of life ; but he determined to know the whole secret of the lamp, and therefore summoned to his aid the magician, who lit it, and called the dervishes by its spells to pour at his feet rubies and gems, smiting them to obedience by his right hand ; but when the young man essayed himself to do so, he made only a slight mistake, he struck them with his left hand and they left him almost dead on the floor, and the lamp shivered in fragments by his side ; thus with common-sense and metaphysics. Common-sense avails for every purpose in life, but if man will be a metaphysician, and enlarge the field of his consciousness—well, if he adopt the right process, it will lay at his feet the diamonds and the rubies ; but, on the contrary, the wrong method shatters for him his lamp, and reduces him to wretchedness and misery. And it is the aim of Mr. Mill to show that Sir William Hamilton has not kindled the consciousness in man, so as at all to add to the enlargement of his hope and happiness in life. The man who is unable, occasionally, to enter into the region of the abstract, is deprived of one of the most lofty assurances of the height and immortality of his own being ; and we appraise the writings of Sir William Hamilton highly—although philosophically, with all his services to thought, and, as some suppose, to religion, we can only regard him as a great philosophic sceptic—because, in an age when the mind of man has appeared to be given over to the worship of mammon and material things, he has called, by his own illustrious example, attention to the immense universe of mind, and to the infinite receptivity of the human consciousness in it ; while—we shall perhaps startle our readers by saying—we believe the spoils of abstraction may gain less by Mr. Mill's volume than by Sir William's speculations. We believe, and we say it very distinctly and advisedly, faith, in the long run, will gain more.

VI.

THE LAYMAN'S CREED.*

IS it so, then, that the lay is different to the cleric creed? Probably the title is not without a real meaning. It may very likely be doubted whether scientific theology has aided the religious consciousness more than the metaphysical and philosophic have aided the human. Indeed, the two courses of thought seem very analogous; the analysis and dissection of the human mind has not, we believe, much aided men to live; the exercise has been very curious in its results—even more than curious. It has shown the infinite depths to which the human mind may sink in its explorations, and the infinite heights to which it may rise. Scientific, clerical, and scholastic theology again have shown how its principles have a foundation in the widest views of the human intelligence, and the most tender and affectionate thoughts of God. But there has been a mischief in it; the bigotries and intolerances, the wranglings and wars of the religious sects and schools, have resulted from the attempts made by the human intellect to put up certain fences of thought and expression in the intelligent apprehension of religious truth. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding all this, there is little sanction for it in the New Testament, or indeed in the Old. It strikes us that if we distinguish between the clergyman's creed and the layman's creed, it will be found that the layman's is more manlike, more simple, human, and honest. We mean, of course, where he really has a creed, where mind and heart have exercised themselves upon religious truth and feeling, and moulded a life of principles and duties. The creeds of scholars partake of metaphysical subtleties, refinements, and casuistries of expression, and, in fact, exact from a multitude of minds concessions and homage to the individuality of one. Scholastic theology reminds us of the plants in a conservatory, some of them exceedingly rich in colour, curious specimens of nature in her tropical ways, but in order to gaze on which, the spectator has an unpleasant sense of warmth and closeness, and is glad to turn from hard cacti or glowing grandifloras to modest garden flowers, meadow daisies and cowslips, and wild hedge-row violets. Such seems to be the character of the little volume of

* *The Layman's Creed.* By Christopher James Riethmüller, Author of *Teuton, a Poem*, &c. Bell & Daldy.

verse before us. After the remarks we have made, we shall not quarrel with it because it seems to breathe a wide, somewhat undefined, Broad Church character. *The Layman's Creed* will be found more in harmony with the Church Catechism than with that of the Westminster Assembly—assuredly more Erastitian than Calvinistic. He demands a faith accessible to most minds, to which also most minds may be accessible:—

Must we, the common herd of men,
Who fly from leisure's downy bed,
To earn with plough, or spade, or pen,
By daily toil our daily bread—

Must we examine, prove, reject,
Each reason weigh, each doubt explore?
With Greek and Hebrew lamps inspect
The treasure-house of ancient lore?

If books, and schools, and lettered ease
Have ne'er to feed our minds been given,
It cannot be on terms like these
That we must hold our hope of heaven!

Yet all the saving fount may know,
For close at hand its waters rise—
A stream that laves with equal flow
Alike the simple and the wise.

The truths, which last from age to age,
And really make man's spirit free,
Are those that first our thoughts engage
When seated at our mother's knee.

To guide to such a faith, he does not seem to think the clerics themselves, of the country, are very well able. We have no reason to think our author a very bitter man; the style of his verse is rather amiable than strong; but he testifies that the lawful guides have strayed themselves—the shepherds themselves have strayed from the fold, the captains of the Lord's hosts seem to be fighting with each other; pride assumes the garb of devotion; envy wears the mark of zeal; and even sacred names are transformed into weapons to wound the brotherhood; and, finally, he says:—

And if long years of vain research
Bring doubt and discord unto you,
Grave Doctors of our Mother Church!
What should a simple layman do?

He classifies his small but pointed and beautiful little volume of verse into seven particulars—Controversy, Belief, Inspiration,

Prayer, The Church, The Burial Service, and True Religion. Of course, the layman speaks in those generalizations, which are the characteristics rather of poetry than of analysis and science, but his words are not mere latitudinarian platitudes; on the contrary, depths of belief seem to minister to many of his words. Thus, for instance, he speaks of the words of Scripture:—

What sought we in the Holy Book?
Not Science—wide before us lies
Creation's volume, where to look
For all the light that sense supplies;

Not date or number, name or place,
Mere toys for antiquarian quest,
Although these annals of our race
Are still the oldest and the best;

Not beauty of the outward frame,
Though few can boast such pictures fair,
Nor acts of men exempt from blame,
Though many a saintly life is there;

But truth essential, truth divine,
Our Father's everlasting will,
The love for which our spirits pine,
The joys that all our hopes fulfil—

Sweet rest in each successive stage,
Since first we drew this vital breath,
And warmth amid the chills of age,
And comfort in the hour of death.

If such the banquet pure and good
For human souls benignly spread,
O Critic! spare the children's food,
Nor give the people stones for bread!

But nought, methinks, will make us part,
Save our own sin's deliberate choice,
With that strong instinct of the heart,
By which we know our Master's voice;

And, when He speaks, we need not quail
For aught that men may do or say—
Because, though heaven and earth should fail,
His words will never pass away.

In other verses of prayer,—

Remembering always, that our want
Must by His wisdom first be tried,
And what we fancied love would grant
May also be by love denied;

Remembering when we kneel and pray,
How in the garden prayed the Son,
And ready still with Him to say :
" FATHER ! THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE !"

The *Layman's Creed* will, from such remarks as these, and such illustrations as we have given, be seen to exhibit more harmony with Catholic than Protestant modes of interpreting the Scripture ; and looking both at the truths of the volume and the doctrines of the Christian life—nor let any reader suppose that we contradict our criticism in this—the Broad Church and Papist views of interpretation, in many particulars, very closely resemble each other ; and in nothing more than this, in the dispensing with all analysis of creed into ultimate principles, and with all resolution of Scripture into verbal inspiration. But we must lay down this noteworthy little volume. We take its appearance to be very significant, and we trust the time is rapidly approaching when the laymen of the present day, like our fathers in days of old, will be able to give a clear and distinct reason for the hope that is in them ; not verbal, but conscious ; not a thing of rote and hearsay, but of the spirit, growing out of the necessities of the soul, and growing up to consolation, and comfort, and assurance in the soul.

VII.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

THE *Poetical Works of William Cowper, with Notes and a Memoir.* By John Bruce. 3 vols.—(Bell & Daldy.)—It is not long since we devoted considerable space to a copious review and estimate of the works of this delightful writer; but we must refer to them again, for the purpose of commending to our readers' notice this edition of Mr. Bruce, every way the most beautiful. It is one of those new editions and reprints of beloved old favourites, which set the fingers itching for the paper-knife, creating a longing to read the book again, and to see in the bright, clear, new type some well known lines and pages. Mr. Bruce's memoir is interesting. He appears to have found some few papers and incidents shedding, not any very material, but still some little side lights on the poet's character, of Cowper's remains—scraps of letters, whole letters, and corrections of verse. There must be large possessions, remains, and leavings somewhere. It is not very long since bundles of his papers were sold for waste-paper; incredible as it seems, we believe this is true. Cowper has never been happy in his biographers. Grimshaw was orthodox and ignorant; Southey elegant, but utterly unsympathetic; but we must not think of enumerating his biographers—indeed, they are almost innumerable. Mr. Bruce's memoir is concise, as befits such an introduction to the works themselves; but he does not seem to us to understand Cowper better than his predecessors. His admiration, or rather appreciation, has no undue warmth of enthusiasm. To know Cowper—a spirit of such peculiar texture, such delicate, and, in spite of the noble healthfulness of his verse, such morbid sensibility—needs an eye and heart, made shrewd also by suffering. All is known about him that can well be known. Mr. Bruce speaks of the possession of much unpublished material; but we do not suppose it will add to our estimate of him, or place his character in any new lights; but we still need a biography in which a fine and tender taste and sympathy shall give symmetry to all the material accumulated by the many biographers, and mould the whole into a shape and study for the library. As to the poetry of Cowper, it cannot be too well known. It has been charged with being sentimental; if this charge means that it is unreal, none can be more unfounded; it is eminently real and simple; of purely religious poets in our language, we suppose he is the

highest; as a wit he is not inferior to Pope, but how much more inoffensive, while his couplets have even a superior grace, and far more freedom from any of the affectations of style, while in majesty and declamation he is incomparably his superior. Cowper has suffered in reputation, as everybody suffers, from the profession of the religious sentiment; he has never received the praise he deserves; and by multitudes who would enjoy him, did they know him, he still remains unread from the suspicion that he is simply an evangelical and Low Church preacher among the poets; but he has many claims upon the affection and admiration of those who are able to appreciate true and noble English verse. He has not, he is far from having, the transcendent insight into the life of things possessed by Wordsworth, but in the realizing description of natural scenery, he leaves Thomson far behind; stands, in fact, yet in his own completed individuality, between these two. Perhaps it is not too much to call him the most completely national and English of all our English poets. He travelled little, saw no other countries, and was a kind of White of Selborne, or Izaak Walton, in his devotion to simple English scenes. To other readers he will present other claims. His devotion and quietistic piety, his elevated conception of the Christian life, his power of translating Christian experience into verse, make him not less dear to the worshippers in the temple than to the wanderers in the fields, or the wits in the parlour; and we are glad to see this new and beautiful edition, which may shine on the bookshelves, or render its volume to the pocket of the pedestrian, who loves

The rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swath, close cropt by nibbling sheep,
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink.

IN *Henri de Rohan; or, the Huguenot Refugee.* By Francisca Ingram Oucry. Author of *Arnold de la Haize*.—(Bell and Daldy.)—we have, so far as we have read it, a lively and interesting story, not marked by strong characteristics, but one which may safely take its place by the side of those which, when we were children, seemed so pleasant to us—the stories of Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Cameron. No reader will sleep over these pages; in the absence of those strong lines and marks which are so much desired in the modern story, will be found the safety of this book for the school-room and the parlour library; it has adventure enough to satisfy a young nature, and piety of purpose to satisfy the wiser elder ones.

CHILDHOOD in India, or English Children in the East; a Narrative for the Young; founded on fact. By the Wife of an Officer, late of H. M. Service—(Jackson, Walford, and Hodder)—is a pretty little book. It is intended for the young, and the young will, by its pages, very easily be transferred to the exciting scenes they describe. There is a minuteness of detail which brings home the scenes very vividly.

FRANK Layton : a Tale of Australian Life.—(Religious Tract Society.)—A hearty, healthy-minded lad at school, writes to his father: "I have just finished reading *Frank Layton*, and like it very much indeed." We take this to be about as recommendatory review of a book for boys as could well be given.
